VOL 45
PT 4

Saturday Review

OCTOBER 6, 1962 / 25¢

40529

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

HUMAN GUINEA PIGS AND THE LAW
By John Lear

DO THE PLANETS CAUSE SUN STORMS?
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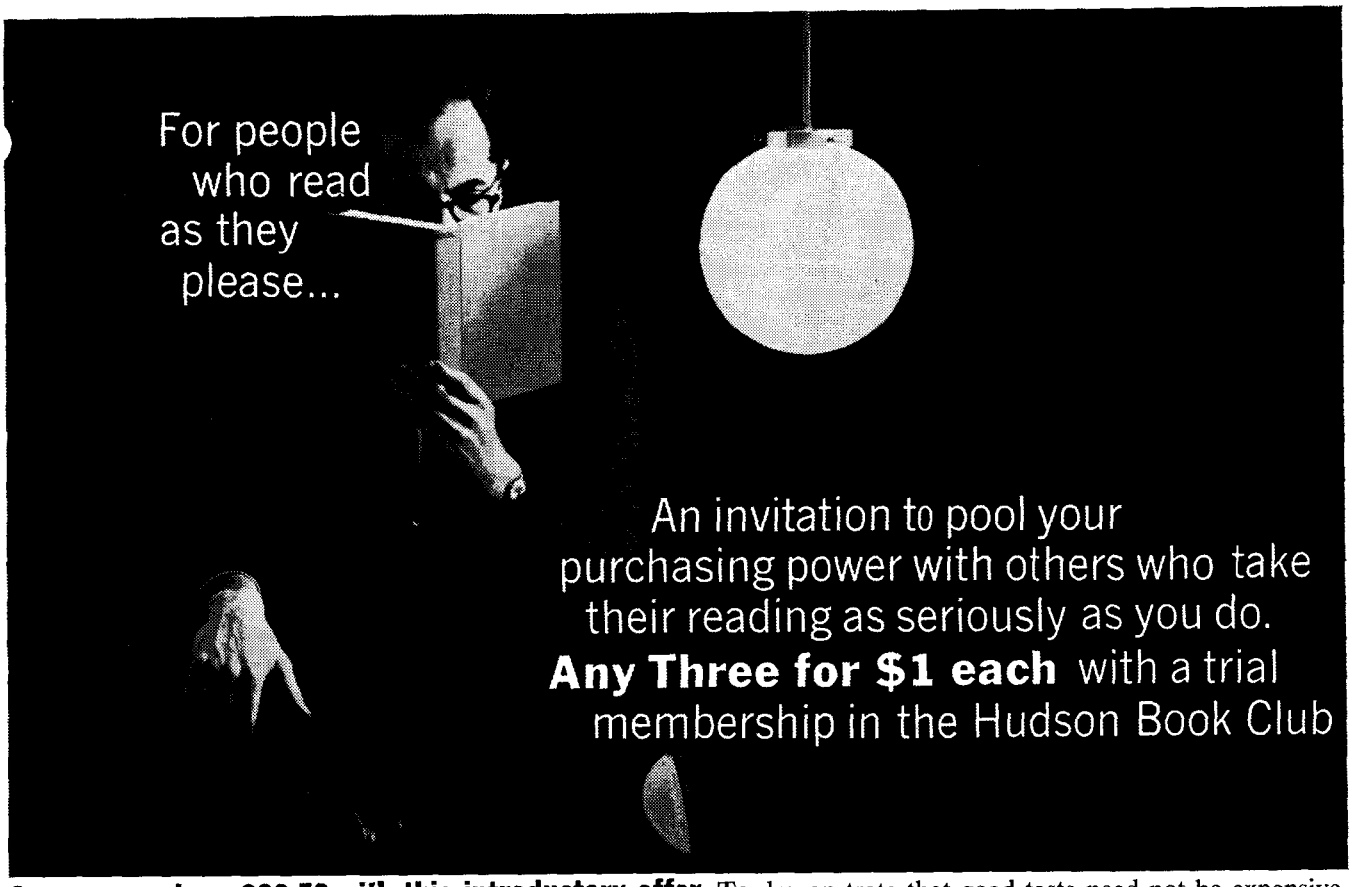
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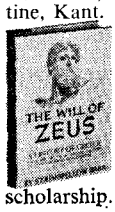

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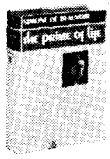

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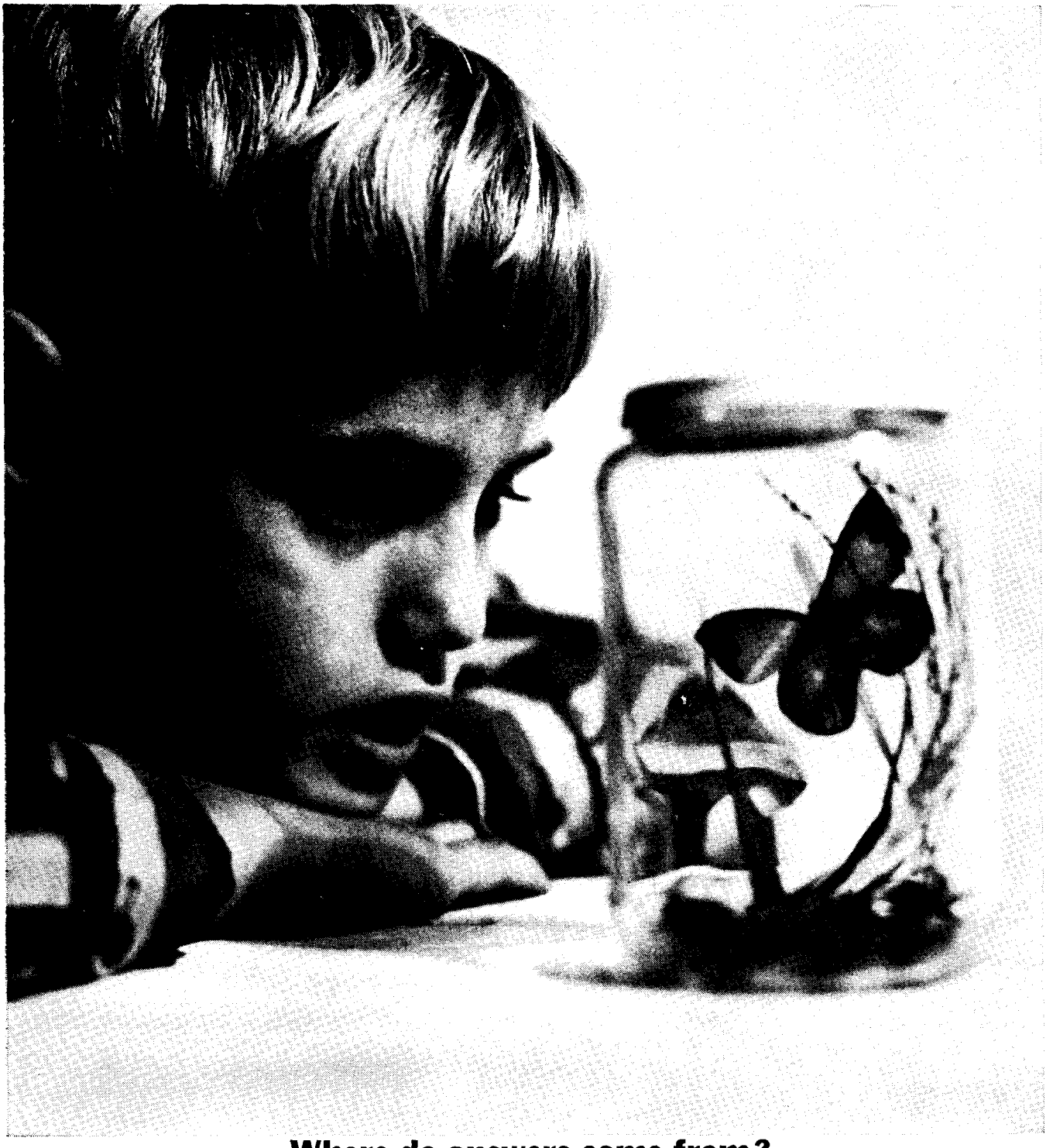

Where do answers come from?

. . . from almost anywhere—yesterday's classes, last night's homework, talk with grown-ups, the sight and sound of information media.

This fall, children will gather answers by the score as they watch news, documentary, and educational programs on television. There'll be special programs to stretch young minds—like "Discovery '62," which will highlight subjects of history, art, science, music, current events, travel, and hobbies . . . like "Reading Room," bringing the delights of books to children of ages 8 to 12 . . . like "Exploring," which will kindle interest in language, arts, music, mathematics, social studies, and science.

With advanced teaching and entertainment techniques, programs like these can provide useful background for formal instruction.* And through encouraging the viewing of these programs, parents and teachers can help young people awaken their latent interests—while helping develop still more of television's exciting potential for both children and adults. (See program listings at right.)

Television Information Office, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

*For a comprehensive study of children's programs presented by television stations across the country, see "For the Young Viewer" edited by Dr. Ralph Garry, Dr. Frederick B. Rainsberry, and Dr. Charles Winick. McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York.

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October . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest

(Times indicated are current N.Y. time)

Discovery '62
Monday through Friday
Beginning October 1 (4:30-4:50 PM)

Reading Room
Saturdays (12:30-1 PM)

Exploring
Saturdays beginning October 13.
(12:30-1:30 PM)

Flashing Spikes
James Stewart in a new drama.
Thursday, October 4 (10-11 PM)

Politics and Pollsters
The growing dependence on opinion polls.
Sunday, October 7 (6-6:30 PM)

Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years
Sundays, October 7-14-21-28 (6:30-7 PM)

Smash-Up
Documentary drama on insurance rackets.
Wednesday, October 10 (10-11 PM)

The Campaign and the Candidates
Report of pre-election developments.
Sundays, October 14 (5:30-6 PM) and 28 (5-5:30 PM)

Wide World of Sports
Power regatta; Sumo; Dublin horse show.
Saturday, October 20 (5-6:30 PM)

Madman
Sylvia Sidney in two episodes of *The Defenders*.
Saturdays, October 20 and 27 (8:30-9:30 PM)

The Teahouse of the August Moon
John Forsythe, David Wayne, and Paul Ford.
Friday, October 26 (8:30-10 PM)

The River Nile
The Nile's 4,000-mile course through history.
Sunday, October 28 (10-11 PM)

The World of Benny Goodman
Includes coverage of his USSR tour.
Monday, October 29 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Close-Up!
Urban renewal and city planning.
Tuesday, October 30 (10:30-11 PM)

Campaign '62
Study of key issues and candidates.
Wednesday, October 31 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM Atomic Age Physics American Government COLLEGE OF THE AIR The American Economy TODAY CALENDAR
Mondays:	DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Tuesdays:	CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Wednesdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	INTERNATIONAL SHOWTIME EYEWITNESS
Saturdays:	NCAA FOOTBALL GAME OF THE WEEK
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE WASHINGTON CONVERSATION INSIDE POLITICS ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE ISSUES AND ANSWERS COLLEGE BOWL UPDATE THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MEET THE PRESS THIS IS NBC NEWS WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR VOICE OF FIRESTONE HOWARD K. SMITH— NEWS AND COMMENT

Note: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

Saturday Review

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The SATURDAY REVIEW published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, Ray Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. *Subscription* $7 *a year. Member Audit* Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLV, No. 40, October 6, 1962, Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature"

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The novel begins bluntly: "Eric Green had broken his neck." Not exactly an opening for those in search of light, inconsequential entertainment, perhaps, but for anyone interested in a new writer of consequence, this is the start of Richard P. Brickner's *The Broken Year*.

Brickner (a sometime contributor to this magazine's "Phoenix Nest" column) is a novelist not to watch but to read. His Eric Green, a young man who wants to be an actor, has followed up a lifetime of stumbling by crashing down a flight of stairs in pursuit of a girl. The disaster comes at a moment when Eric has had the first delicious taste of realized ambitions. He has a fine part in a new play. There is a comely young woman waiting in the wings. Life is young and it is unfolding at his touch until he trips over his own ego and falls.

This, then, becomes the story of a man with an affliction. It is not only a physical handicap that he faces; it is the realization that he has sought to be loved, on brightly illuminated stages, and in softly lit apartments, without wanting to give love. Eric's attempt to rebuild body and spirit after his painful fall from glory is closer to the universal than it may appear at first. Most men are afflicted, in one way or another, and most have taken a fall or two.

Brickner's talent is not one that shoots off hard, chrome-like flashes. Rather the writing has a burnished, glowing quality, as if the words had been there all along, humorous without being flip, touching without being sticky.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Broken Year ($3.95) by Richard P. Brickner is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies of the book may be obtained from your local bookseller, including any of the 31 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1411 Commerce Street, Dallas 1, Texas.

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By CLEVELAND AMORY

SEPTEMBER was a sporty month. It was the month of Floyd Patterson and Sonny Liston, of Rod Laver and Roy Emerson, of Bus Mosbacher and Jock Sturrock, of Mickey Mantle and the Damyankees and Maury Wills and the Lost Brooklyn Dodgers. But, if the month was sporty, it was also Cultural—with two capital "C's," one for the Lincoln Center in New York and another for the National Cultural Center in Washington. All that was needed, it seemed, was a little more capital—with a small "c"—to pay for them.

• • •

Up in Newport, the greatest spectacle at the America's Cup races turned out to be not the contestants, but the fleet of spectator boats. A curious conflict was noted between the people who owned sailboats and those who owned powerboats. Apparently the true sailor man cannot understand the power man—and vice versa—they literally speak a different language. A few power men, it is true, speak some of the language—"starboard," "port," "aft," "for'ard," and "below"—but the power man also says "yacht," which to a true sailor man puts him beyond the pale at the very beginning. And a power man can often be heard to say such sailor man horrors as "windward" and "leeward." To the true sailor man these can only be "wind'ard" and "lou'rd," like all his other apostrophe contractions such as "mains'l," "tops'l" and "foc'sle," etc.

Then, too, the sailor man has dozens of superstitions not shared by the power man—such as that a woman on board during a race is bad luck, that nothing on board at any time should be upside down, and also that nothing on board, whether it be a person's leg or a piece of line, should ever be allowed to hang overboard. The Aussies, incidentally, broke this tradition by hanging over the rail to keep *Gretel* from heeling over too far—and, says the sailor man, look what happened.

• • •

Even in a sport like high-goal polo there was news. In fact, a landmark event occurred, one comparable to the days when Cecil Smith and his Texas cowboys won from Tommy Hitchcock and his Long Islanders and took the sport, as Will Rogers said, "from the drawing room to the bunkhouse." During the month, at Oak Brook, Illinois, a Santa Barbara team nosed out Royal Palm in the thrilling 8-7 finish of Polo's World Series. This took the sport so far west it was practically east again. (The Santa Barbara team is owned by a Chinese Nationalist named Rudy Tongg.)

• • •

There was also, during the month, a meeting point between sports and culture. It occurred at the official founding meeting of the National Art Museum of Sports, and was complete with an address by August Heckscher, President Kennedy's Special Consultant on the Arts. Since, so far, the actual address of the organization is c/o The Harvard Club of New York, and the meeting was held at the Racquet and Tennis Club, the first order of business was admitting the necessity for a broader membership base. In any case, next month IBM will sponsor the organization's first "Sports Art" exhibition. "NAMOS has everything," its founder Germain G. Glidden told us excitedly. "It even combines the President's deep interest in physical fitness with the First Lady's deep interest in art."

• • •

Elsewhere on the Kennedy front, the month belonged to Ted and Ed—in that order. And the quote of the month went to the pert and pretty twenty-five-year-old Mrs. Ted, in answer to a question on the subject of her husband's being expelled from Harvard. "'He did have his best friend take his Spanish exam for him," Mrs. Kennedy told the *Ladies' Home Journal*, "but he was only a freshman at the time. He was not thrown out, but asked to take a year's vacation. Instead, he enlisted in the Army as a buck private for two years. Then he came back and finished Harvard with honors, which I think is pretty wonderful."

• • •

The fiction of the month was also a Kennedy story: that President Kennedy, before he married Jacqueline, had been secretly married to a two-time divorcée. This fiction first appeared in *The Realist* magazine and was apparently documented by an obscure family genealogy. The girl in question, one Miss Malcolm (a peripheral member of the Blauvelt family), now married to

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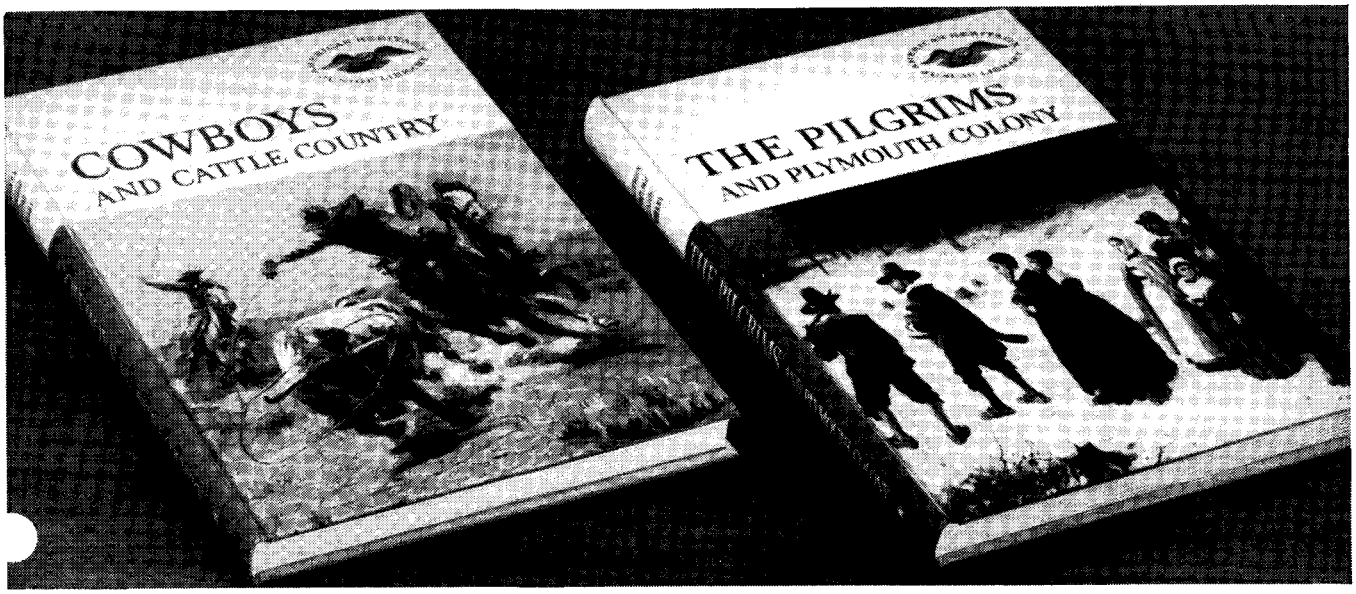

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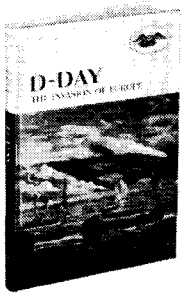

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Sidney Hook, Professor of Philosophy at New York University and one of the country's leading intellectuals, argues against an influential school of Constitutional interpreters for the existence of *plural* human rights which potentially and sometimes actually conflict with each other. $4.95

ARNHEIM **PICASSO'S GUERNICA**

The Genesis of a Painting

Rudolph Arnheim, Professor of Psychology at Sarah Lawrence College, explores the creative process in re-presenting the first complete record of the development and growth of a major work of art. (January) about $8.00

BOGGS **PORTRAITS by DEGAS**

Jean Sutherland Boggs, Curator of Paintings at the Art Gallery of Toronto, discusses the most analytical and varied portraits by any artist during the second half of the nineteenth century. $15.00

BAIRD **THE CHURCHES OF MEXICO 1530-1810**

Joseph Armstrong Baird, Jr., Associate Professor of Art at the University of California, Davis, and Curator of the California Historical Society Art Collections, San Francisco, examines the building types and the sequence of fashions and styles in their adornment of some fifty-odd churches erected in Mexico in the years 1530-1810. (8 color plates and 155 halftones by photographer Hugo Rudinger.) $12.50

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Berkeley 4

Thomas Shevlin of Palm Beach, was said to have married, before the President, first a man named Firmin Desloge IV, then F. John Bersbach. To *Newsweek* went the honor of finally burying this never-say-die story, which had apparently been placed in the Blauvelt Family Genealogy by an elderly member of the Blauvelts solely on the basis of a clipping from a Miami gossip column which reported that Miss Malcolm and Mr. Kennedy had dined in a Miami restaurant shortly after World War II.

The final irony of this particular story was that *Newsweek*, whose article denounced other publications which kept repeating the story, was, the week of its own publication, close to a newsstand sell-out.

• • •

From Hollywood the quotes came thick and fast. Sue Lyon, the "Lolita" girl, declared: "I still date the same boys in the seventeen to nineteen age group, but since that film some boys are afraid of me." And Helen Gurley Brown, author of "Sex and the Single Girl," declared that she and Irving Wallace, who lives on the same block, are constantly having long, long second thoughts on their sexcesses. "All over Hollywood," she told us, "you can almost *feel* the hate waves. I hat haters."

• • •

On our own New York block, at Lexington and 72nd, the news was better. Seymour Levine, owner of New York's famed "Honey Center" delicatessen has a Bouvier des Flandres dog which, though no relation to Jacqueline, is nonetheless a very rare breed; only a handful exist in this country. The dog's name is Kaline du Posty Arlequin, and last month she broke the world's record by having eighteen puppies—fifteen of whom, fed on Mr. Levine's honey, are thriving. Obviously, dogdom's answer to too many people in the world is a pupulation explosion.

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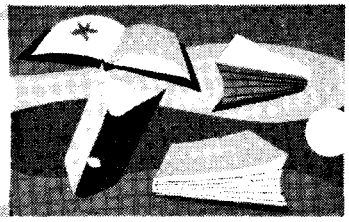
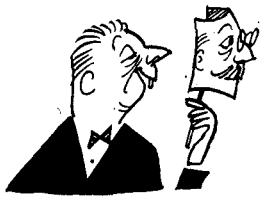


WITH "LEARNERS PERMIT" (Doubleday), Laurence Lafore, a history professor at Swarthmore College and co-author of a textbook titled "Modern Europe," has shown himself to be something of a satirist as well.

This novel is a very funny needle driven deeply into the field he knows



best. It is about a mix-up in identities that permits a young man who never finished high school to become an English instructor at a college.

As it turns out, the fellow becomes a good teacher, and his students are crazy about him—something the author obviously thinks might happen in life as well as in fiction.

EVERYBODY IN WASHINGTON, they say, is rushing to read "The Uncertain Trumpet" because it was written by General Maxwell Taylor. He's chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and presumably the book is a clue to how to get along with the boss.

It is now pointed out to me that Little, Brown published a novel thirty years ago called "The Uncertain Trumpet." It was written by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Another case of uncertain book titles.

SLUMBER NOTES: (1) Curtis Brothers, the big furniture store in Washington, is advertising an "Early American Hollywood Bed."

(2) The letterhead of the publishers of the trade paper *Bedding* declares that it is "exclusively devoted to manufacturers of dual purpose sleeping equipment."

A MIDGET ESCAPED from behind the Iron Curtain and sought refuge from pursuing secret police. From one place to another throughout Europe he went, begging piteously, Could you please cache a small Czech?"

MARGARET FISHBACK REPORTED that she recently watched a crowd on Fifth Avenue gather around some policemen who were trying to shield a prostrate figure on the sidewalk from the gaze of the curious. One woman looked for a moment and then said to a friend, "He's probably only dead."

APPARENTLY THE REASON D-Day, Tarawa, Stalingrad, and The Bulge were chosen as "Four Great Battles of World War II" (Little, Brown) was that CBS already had the photographs as a result of research done for a television series. I've heard a couple of people complain about Tarawa as a choice. Perhaps they weren't there.

Fortunately, Andrew A. Rooney was asked to write the text for this book. I don't know what battles *he* was at, but his combination of cynicism, admiration, and hatred for war in general reflects the attitude of men who can look back now and ask the question, "Why?" Reading about the four battles selected for this book will let you decide the answer.

Someone said to me, "Oh, not another war book!" And I thought it would be better to have another book than another you-know-what.

SPEAKING OF KILLING, after I had read parts of "Hunting in Africa," by Frank C. Hibben, I had a feeling that it had all been said before, that maybe the book had been written by Martin Johnson. But no, it's current. It's unbeliev-

able, but guys are still coming out of the bush and talking about the "white hunter" and about the "ferocious" lion or the "stupid" rhino. Moreover, they are still attributing the most amazing feats to creatures that somehow seem endowed with supernatural powers. The author declares at one point:

"A leopard weighing one hundred fifty pounds can seize a lesser kudu weighing two hundred pounds in his teeth, and jump with the carcass up into a tree."

Dr. Hibben's book is rife with anthropomorphism, the kind of thing I wouldn't expect from a scientist of his training. You know—a lion's face is "evil," or a wounded buffalo "picks a

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The fable of Aesop's fables

We don't really know that Aesop wrote the delightful fables credited to him. Such classics as "The Tortoise and the Hare" and "The Fox and the Grapes" may have been created by storytellers whose names are forever lost. But if printing had existed in Ancient Greece—when allegorical stories were the rage of Athens—we could be as certain of the authorship of these fables as we are of their charm.

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"The sight of an undergraduate makes me ill"

This remark, attributed to a University of Chicago professor, neatly underlines the newest crisis on our college campuses. Mr. Chips is dead. Eminent professors are being called to Washington, corporate board meetings, or overseas conferences — all expenses paid. Who's left to teach the classes? Read Robert Bendiner's disquieting *The Non-Teachers* in the September issue of HORIZON.

This provocative look at our worldly new academic elite is one of a score of out-of-the-ordinary articles and handsome picture portfolios in this latest HORIZON. There's Walter Kerr's blast at today's ambiguous Theatre of the Absurd; a glimpse of some 9,000-year-old Near Eastern murals; an introduction to "the architect's architect," Louis Kahn; a richly illustrated history of the Moors in Spain; a witty exposé of Dr. Bowdler (whence "bowdlerize"), the man who cleaned up Shakespeare; striking photographs of China. And more.

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HORIZON—A MAGAZINE TO ENGAGE THE MIND AND DELIGHT THE EYE

good spot and waits for his pursuers." Or a single rifle shot drives elephants "berserk."

"I hitched the Weatherby rifle up on top of the branch," the master hunter writes. "It was going to be awkward. The big bull swung slightly to one side. . . . I threw off the safety of the .460 rifle, and lay full length along a tree branch. As the big bull swept past, I could see his shoulder through the sight. There was the spot, just below the edge of his ragged ear, right on the point of the shoulder. . . . Now! The recoil of the gun jerked my shoulder back. I saw the bull half turn and go to his knees."

Dr. Hibben should go back to digging up ruins.

AN EGG-RANCH OWNER in California—that's what publisher Bernard Geis says it is, an egg ranch—ordered some baby chicks. When the crate was delivered, it contained 500 copies of Helen Gurley Brown's "Sex and the Single Girl." In the meantime, a San Francisco bookshop heard from the express company that there was a big order of baby chickens waiting down at the station.

SHARPS AND FLATS: There is an organization in New York called the Population Council which is concerned with control of the population explosion. It has just moved into larger quarters.

► Fred M. Hechinger, education editor of the *New York Times,* wrote an attack on jargon in the field of education. He said that if an educational publishing house had printed Budd Schulberg's famous book they would have called it "Motivational Research of Sammy's Potential."

►Frank Eyes of *Redbook's* advertising department thinks maybe he is talking shop too much. He just took his four-year-old daughter on a nature walk around Westport, Connecticut, showing her the insects, birds, and so on. At one point she asked, "Daddy, are spiders and octopuses put out by the same company?"

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1487)

FREDERIC MORTON:
THE ROTHSCHILDS

To the Rothschilds, Waterloo brought a multimillion-dollar scoop. The fame of that scoop has endowed it, in later years, with carrier pigeons and other legendary appurtenances. But like most family feats, it was based on very hard work and very cold cunning.

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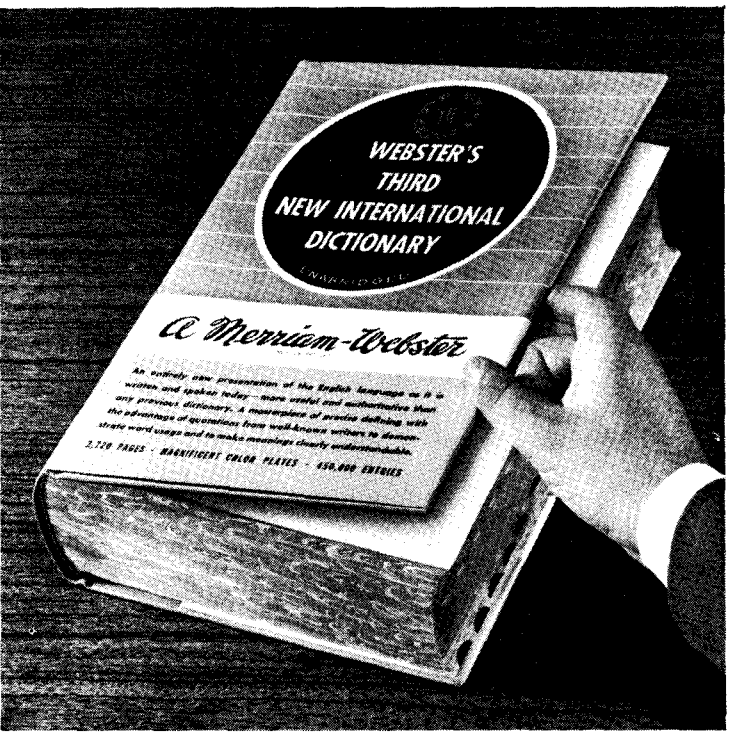

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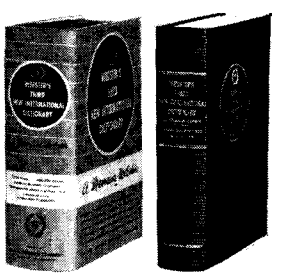

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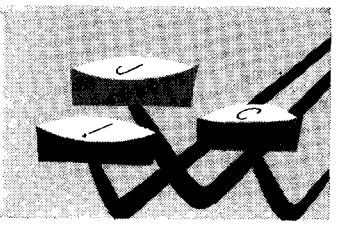
Manner of Speaking



RIDE A HOT HORSE: The opening of the Seattle World's Fair earlier this year was marred by an incident in which a disabled jet crashed into a row of houses, killing an elderly man and woman under their own roof while the pilot parachuted to safety miles away. A sad accident and one that is becoming sadly common as the jets fill the sky above and the housing developments fill the ground below.

But was it entirely an accident? It is possible, to be sure, that the plane was hopelessly out of control. But it is just as possible that the pilot, had he stayed with it all the way, could have managed to crash into an empty field rather than into those houses. I am asking if a pilot has the right to bail out of a disabled plane over thickly settled country, and I am moved to argue that he has not.

Nobody wants to splash the boys over the landscape. If a pilot runs into trouble and bails out over a desert, who could blame him for that, even if his jet happens by freak chance to come down on the one house within range or on a passing automobile? But to bail out over an urban or a suburban area is another case, and there, I must insist, the pilot clearly funks if he fails to ride it all the way down. There is always that chance that he can at the last instant avoid visiting his disaster on those below. And even if he cannot, even if his death goes for nothing, it is his job to try.

IT IS his job for the simple reason that he asked for it. No one gets drafted into flying jets. The boys have to want to, they have to fight for the chance to try, and they have to buck hard to get through their training. How can a would-be pilot ask for the job—and ask for it that hard—without understanding that he has a moral contract to spend everything, including his own life, to avoid dumping his disabled buzzer on the people below? Suppose, to select a horrendous example, that house with the elderly couple in it had been a school building. How does the pilot walk away from his parachute after that?

It may be that we have entered the age of the final moral funk, wherein sentiment can justify all. The government certainly went a long way toward justifying the funk of pilot Powers in the U-2 incident. Our government, to be sure, is now imitating the Communists in handing out only that information it wants the people to have, and perhaps, therefore, the whole truth will never be known. It is on record, however, that Powers was drawing $30,000 a year for occasional flights over Russia, and that his equipment included a destruction button and a poisoned pin. What can one conclude but that the button and the pin were meant for use and that the $30,000 salary was jeopardy pay? And what can one then conclude but that Powers took the cash and then funked it?

The boys know what they are asking for when they buck for wings. They like the flying pay, they like the badges, and they like the glamour the badges bring. Perhaps, above all, they like the feel of the hot horse under them. The hottest horse of all is, of course, death, and so long as there are boys in this world, some of them will fall in love with the sensation of riding him. As Melville wrote, "All wars are boyish and are fought by boys." That love affair with the hot horse is of the boyhood of the race. But once a boy is on that horse, then it is his man's job to ride it all the way.

T. E. Shaw (Lawrence of Arabia) was such a boy-man. He lived with his itch to ride the hottest horse. He died, foolishly enough (if I recall correctly what I read years ago and have since forgotten where), of his passion for riding a motorcycle too fast. The motorcycle happened to be his hot horse of the moment. But if he was still boy enough to have to open it up all the way, he was man enough to know it was not a free ride. He died of a choice he had made within himself long before. Gunning his crazy machine down the road, he came to that instant when he must kill either an innocent pedestrian or himself. He swerved off the road and killed himself.

There is no need to grow romantic about the splendor of his choice. What was splendid about the man, finally, was his talent. What sent the boy high-tailing down the road was no splendor but a problem for the psychiatrist's couch. What remains is the fact that, between man and boy, Shaw made his choice clean.

The boys that fly the hot ones have the same choice to make. And like Shaw they have to make that choice in their own minds long before the moment of truth. It has to be made firmly beforehand, or their reflexes will make the wrong choice too late.

It may be a crazy choice to have forced upon oneself. Maybe they have to be a bit crazy to want to fly the hot ones. Maybe we are all crazy for having made a world in which we need a sky full of hot horses. But no boy—and he has to be a boy, whatever bar, leaf, eagle, or star he wears on his collar—can be allowed to go for crazy up to the time his buzzer runs into trouble, and then to dump his trouble on a row of houses while he floats sanely down in his parachute.

AS THE best, and least printable, of World War II's flying songs starts off:

I wanted wings,
Now I've got the goddamn things.
Hell, I don't want them anymore.

A lot of the hotshot boys, who had a high stateside fling flashing their wings for the girls, discovered in combat that they didn't really want them anymore. But the fact remains that few of them broke and funked out. They had signed a contract with themselves. They had accepted the glamour, the flight pay, and the gravy-train freedom from all the nasty chores an ingrate army can dream up for non-crew members. They had asked for it and they had taken it. That adds up to a contract, and, like it or not, you keep that contract come flak, fighters, fire, or the heebie-jeebies. You may not want those wings anymore, but you've got them: they are tattooed on you. If you get killed flying, that's tough, buddy, but nobody wrote out any special dispensation for your special skin. The contract itself was written on skin, on skin that was always of the most special kind—the only kind there is.

If the boys in those jet cockpits do not have their contract clearly enough understood as a moral decision, it may be time to make it a court-martial decision. The gentle among us may cry out in horror against such a decision. It is no way to treat our dear boys, they will cry; the boys risk enough just in flying those ships to protect us.

But what we have to realize is that we cannot be protected by boys who risk enough. Nothing will cover us sufficiently until they risk everything. And, remember, the boys have not been forced. They asked for it. Every one of those bright badges has a piece of skin under it, and if the civilians insist on funking that fact, the boys had better get it clear, or clear out and go back to being civilians.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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THE VITAL DIFFERENCE...

between progress and stagnation, between a Congress responsive to national needs and one throttled by the Coalition, will be made in elections to the House of Representatives this fall.

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- **It depends on whether enough well-informed and concerned citizens like *you* assume responsibility for making this possible.**
- **It depends, perhaps, on YOU.**

The *Democratic Study Group* is an organization of the liberal members of the House of Representatives which has had tremendous impact upon Congressional events in the past three years. It coordinates liberal policy, provides research to back it up, and has an efficient whip system which insures that all the members are on the floor for important votes.

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They are virtually the only Democratic Representatives to whom constructive and successful action on important national and international issues is also a matter of their own political survival.

The Group will suffer whatever losses this election may inflict on House Democrats, and it will be enlarged by whatever victories are achieved.

• • • •

We, who have served in the House and know its present importance, regard it as essential that this year the Democratic Study Group be enlarged.

Deciding which are the most significant campaigns among all that are underway is most difficult. The National Committee for an Effective Congress has concluded that about one-quarter of the members of the Democratic Study Group face especially difficult races; and a number of potential new Group members are challenging and have real prospects of defeating some of the most die-hard adherents of the Coalition.

The problem for most liberal candidates is not the voters, but how to communicate with them. Your response to this appeal may be decisive for these candidates.

We hope you will make your contribution as generous as possible. The vital difference between progress and stagnation may be up to YOU.

Eugene J. McCarthy

EUGENE J. McCARTHY
United States Senator

Lee Metcalf

LEE METCALF
United States Senator

Concerning contributions:

Checks or money orders should be made payable to "NCEC – Special Fund" and sent to us with the coupon below. All funds collected from this appeal will go to the candidates. Administration costs are paid by the National Committee for an Effective Congress.

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NCEC—Special Fund
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Dear Senators McCarthy & Metcalf:

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Observations from the Dolphin's Back

All the best hats don't get tossed in the ring. Some of the very best are the alternate hats of writers distinguished in fields far from the best seller lists.

Professor C. Northcote Parkinson had published some seventeen scholarly volumes on aspects of political history before his famous LAW liberated sober-minded citizens by the hundred thousand. His new book, **In-Laws and Out-laws** first exerted its wonderfully baleful influence on artist Robert Osborn. Instead of the dozen illustrations requested he has drawn enough to give the book a second market as Osborniana. The chapter on the Parkinsey Report alone is a collector's item.

Louis Auchincloss, lawyer, occasionally writes of people in legal and financial circles. But whatever the setting, his novels are social history. His most recent novel **Portrait in Brownstone** which became a national best seller immediately, has been called, " — the perfect example of the novel of manners that has virtually disappeared from American letters." Robert Morton, SHOW, Aug. '62.

Cornelia Otis Skinner has matched her fame as an actress with a long list of delightful bestsellers. Her forthcoming book **Elegant Wits and Grand Horizontals** would be too short at three times its present length. Paris in the '90s, La Belle Epoque of incomparable wit in salon and boudoir, has exactly the right historian in actress Skinner. From first page to last it is superb theatre.

Rear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison, one of America's most eloquent historians, turns to personal history in **One Boy's Boston,** 1887-1901, another happy instance of a city finding precisely the right interpreter. In this case it is the reminiscence of one who was on the scene. In Boston in the '90s the wits sparkled more often in the library than the boudoir but sparkle they did and the Morison home was itself a salon in the truest New England tradition.

More than thirteen million families have sought the advice of Doctor Spock through *Baby and Child Care* and *Doctor Spock Talks With Mothers.* His new book **Problems of Parents** is a warmly wise discussion of, among other things, parents' guidance in teen-age dating, and in cold-war anxiety, of meeting the crises of divorce and death, of finding help for the disturbed child. Coming early in October.

And now, a book which Justice William O. Douglas calls "the most important chronicle of this century for the human race", **Silent Spring** by Rachel Carson, biologist and writer. Long before publication the booksellers were told in a trade paper, "This is the horrifying story. It needed to be told — and by a scientist with a rare gift of communication and an overwhelming sense of responsibility. It should come as no surprise that the gifted author of *The Sea Around Us* and its successors can take another branch of science — that phase of biology indicated by the term ecology — and bring it so sharply into focus that any intelligent layman can understand what she is talking about. Understand, yes, and shudder, for she has drawn a living portrait of what is happening to this balance of nature as decreed in the science of life — and what man is doing (and has done) to destroy it and create a science of death. The book is not entirely negative; final chapters indicate roads of reversal."

Audubon Society members were advised by their president, "I recommend that all members of the National Audubon Society read Rachel Carson's new book . . . In **Silent Spring** she has put a grave problem into focus. We predict this book will cause a furor and if it does, it will serve an important purpose. In a free society public controversy and discussion are essential forerunners of action and action is urgently needed to regulate the present, practically unrestricted promotion and distribution of the powerful chemical pesticides that are polluting our soils and waters, destroying wildlife, and perhaps even creating serious, long-range hazards to man himself."

To Book-of-the-Month Club members, "Only with two selections in recent years have we advised members that it was unwise to use their privilege of rejection or substitution. We do so once again in the case of this remarkably illuminating new book by Rachel Carson, for it is certain to be history-making in its influence upon thought and public policy over the world." Harry Scherman

And readers of the editorial page of the New York Times were told, "If her book helps arouse enough public concern to immunize Government agencies against the blandishments of the hucksters and enforce adequate controls, the author will be as deserving of the Nobel Prize as was the inventor of DDT."

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Saturday Review
OCTOBER 6, 1962

CAN WE AFFORD A WARLESS WORLD?

The two previous articles in Saturday Review's symposium on the possibilities a warless world would present—the first by Arnold Toynbee (SR, May 12) and the second by Walter Millis (SR, September 15)—dealt with the subject of change, how it has taken place in past history and how it might take place within the context of a world order. In this article, the third in the series, Kenneth E. Boulding, professor of economics and co-director of the Center for Research on Conflict Resolution at the University of Michigan, takes up the economic problems that would be ushered in by the establishment of a warless world.

By KENNETH E. BOULDING

WE ARE to assume that the nations of the world have reached an agreement both to disarm and to establish an effective world order. Such an agreement would naturally produce a world-wide sigh of relief. But it would also bring in tow two major economic problems: (1) reducing the impact of disarmament on national economies, and (2) controlling possible economic sources of new tensions.

The dimensions of the first of these problems are easily stated. Together the countries of the world now devote between $110 billion and $120 billion a year to preparing for war. Of this amount, a little over one-third can be attributed to the United States, a little under one-third to the Soviet Union, and the remaining third to all other countries. It is an amount roughly equal to the total income of the poorer half of the world's population. Or, to look at it another way, if in the United States, and probably in the Soviet Union, we could wave a magic wand and turn military production into civilian production overnight, the result would be the equivalent of three to four years' growth in the civilian economy, which would jump to where it is ng to be in 1965 or 1966.

With such dimensions, the task of beating swords into plow shares, of converting missile factories to production for space exploration and generals into corporation executives, is obviously a formidable one. But it is far from being an impossible task. In the great disarmament of 1945-46, we converted to civilian uses a total war industry equal to two and one-half times what we have at present. We did this, furthermore, without at any time having more than three per cent unemployment. It must be pointed out, of course, that other conditions in the economy were unusually favorable. Consumers were extraordinarily liquid as a result of methods of war finance, and consumer goods were scarce. Hence there was enough aggregate demand to stimulate industry after war production had ceased. (Indeed, demand was too great, and we had inflation.)

Equivalent conditions could be created again in sufficient measure to take care of any rate of disarmament we are likely to have. This, after all, is no more nor less than the general problem of economic stabilization which is with us all the time. It is true that, in the absence of large government expenditures, it would be more difficult to stabilize the economy. New automatic stabilizers might have to be developed in place of the deductible-at-source income tax which is the major reason for the stability the American economy has enjoyed since the war. Although these would be relatively easy to devise, the political and psychological problems involved in making them acceptable would not be easy to solve. For example, the simplest recipe for achieving a smooth transition from a war to a peace economy would be to combine a sizable budget deficit with temporary price and wage control. Unfortunately, the political acceptability of this particular recipe is low. It is very hard to convince people that a decline in government expenditures ought to be accompanied by an even larger decline in government receipts, so that we actually run a deficit at a time when expenditures are cut back sharply. If, however, the transition were presented as a crisis to be overcome, and if the political leadership were astute and forthright and able to educate the American people, the political and psychological difficulties to solving the economic problem of conversion could be overcome.

BUT what of the long-range effects of disarmament on the economy? Can the rate of economic growth which the war economy helped create be maintained? Here again, the problem is psychological and political, rather than economic. There are no economic reasons why the Congress of the United States should not appropriate to an effort on behalf of economic growth the same kind of resources which it now appropriates to research and development in the military sector. If it did, we would not have to worry whether disarmament would reduce the rate of economic growth.

The conclusion is, then, that in the capitalist world the economic problem of adjusting to disarmament would be real, but not insoluble. Its solution may require some adjustments in psychological and political attitudes, and per-

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haps some minor changes in political and economic institutions; but really major changes in the nature of the system would not be required.

In the Soviet Union, and the Communist world in general, it is possible that the short-run difficulties would be easier to overcome, and the long-run ones more difficult. Because of the control a Communist society has over its own price system, as well as over its monetary system, the problem of combining individual freedom with social control, which is often so severe in the market-oriented society, can be solved simply by eliminating some of the freedom. One wonders, however, about the long-run consequences of disarmament in Communist countries. In the Soviet Union, particularly, the level of affluence would inevitably rise, and the impact on the desire for freedom might prove too much for the system.

In the poor countries, whether capitalist or Communist, the effect of disarmament could hardly help but be favorable. The military establishments of these countries divert resources from desperately needed investments in roads, schools, etc., and there is no doubt that disarmament would increase the probability of a poor country's being able to make the transition to a take-off stage from which its economy could grow steadily upward.

BUT increased probability is not certainty. The problem of the transition, especially for overpopulated poor countries such as India and China, would be so great that, even with the resources released by disarmament, they might not be able to solve it, mainly because of their inability to cut down their rate of population increase. Since the resources released by disarmament tend to be in industry rather than in agriculture, disarmament by itself does little or nothing to restrain population growth. Indeed, one might expect a reverse effect—for putting part of a society's young manhood into the army presumably reduces the birth rate to at least some degree.

In the poor countries, therefore, population control would become even more urgent in a warless world than it is now, especially since population expansion can actually lead to war in, for example, circumstances where one group of people feels threatened by the population growth of another.

This brings up the second of the two major economic problems of a warless world: dealing with possible economic causes of war.

We may think of war as a situation which arises when one organized threat system is confronted with another organized threat system. An organized threat system, such as a king and his army, obviously has important economic aspects. One can, indeed, regard ancient civilizations, especially those based on slavery, as primarily organized by threat systems, of which war soon became an intrinsic part: first, because one organized threat, or armed force, raises up a counterforce; second, because threats will not be believed unless they are occasionally carried out.

AS TRUE exchange developed, however, along with societies based on exchange, the role of the threat system became less and less important economically, because exchange is a much more powerful organizer than threats. In the long run, for instance, slave labor does not seem to be able to compete with free labor, in spite of the fact that the free labor usually has to be paid more than its maintenance. This is probably because of the "negative-sum" aspects of threats, which if carried out, make everybody worse off; as compared with the positive-sum aspects of exchange, which if carried out, makes everybody better off.

In developed economies, as Norman Angell pointed out almost fifty years ago, war is a poor investment; the more advanced the economy becomes, the less profitable, relative to other forms of investment, war becomes. If resources are invested wisely, we may get $100 out of nature for every dollar we can squeeze out of man. Thus the payoffs for internal development are much greater than those for imperialism and military adventure.

The only other case for imperialism, on economic grounds, is the one argued by J. A. Hobson and Lenin: that, for a developed capitalist country, foreign investment is necessary in order to preserve full employment at home. The development of the skills of economic stabilization have undermined whatever validity this argument may once have had. And even in its heyday the argument was not a very good one, if only because, for the most part, foreign investors tended to get as high, or even higher returns from politically independent countries as from their own country's colonies. British investors certainly did as well in Argentina as they did in India, if not better.

Such matters are, of course, too complex for unqualified generalizations; but, on the whole, one comes down on the side of the classical economists, who believed, in effect, that trade was a substitute for war and hoped optimistically that with the universal spread of free trade the causes of war would largely disappear.

Yet, even though war as an investment may be unprofitable, strains arising out of economic circumstances could still threaten the system of law and order in a warless world. War is not always, or even usually, a rational phenomenon. We do not go to war the way we make an investment. We go to war because we are angry or frustrated or threatened, or because in general the threat system has gotten out of hand. When a group of people perceives a threat, it is strongly tempted to organize a counterthreat, and this frequently ends in war.

We cannot, of course, deal briefly with all the economic situations likely to be perceived as a threat; we can only hope to classify some of them. One, different rates of population expansion among different groups of people, has already been mentioned. Those whose rate of expansion is smaller see themselves as being left with smaller shares of the economic and political pies. We find examples of this in the racial clashes in British Guiana and in the potential difficulties in Trinidad, as a result of the different rates of population growth of the East Indian and Negro groups.

A RELATED situation is that of a minority group or of some heterogeneity in the social structure being perceived as a threat to a desired homogeneity. The most extreme example of this was Hitler's treatment of the Jews in Germany, but we see something of the same thing happening on a smaller and less disastrous scale with the Tamils in Ceylon, the landlords in China, the Kulaks in the Soviet Union, and the Communists in the United States. The degree of threat perception which is involved in heterogeneity is perhaps a psychological, rather than an economic phenomenon. Nevertheless, it may have economic roots. The disaster of Hitler would have been less probable if so many Germans had not perceived the Jews as growing richer more rapidly than themselves, whether this perception had any basis in fact or not.

Differential growth, then, produces strain, but not necessarily in proportion to the degree of difference. We have many examples in history in which differential growth has been absorbed with relative ease by a society. The less mobility there is between groups, however, and the more groups see themselves as fundamentally different and unrelated to others, the more likely is strain to result.

This raises the question of whether or not free migration and free trade might be one of the conditions of warlessness in the world as a whole. The experience of the United States, as well as of other countries, with civil war indicates that the absence of barriers

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to migration and trade is not, by itself, a sufficient condition of warlessness. In fact, it may well be that a certain amount of restriction of migration and trade assists the maintenance of stable peace. The relations between Canada and the United States for the last 150 years demonstrate that warlessness in a real sense can exist between two states even if there are substantial barriers to both trade and migration—provided that these barriers are not felt to be a threat great enough to initiate military countermeasures.

THE problem is one of great difficulty. Free migration, for instance, may lead to some part of the world continuously exporting poverty along with its population. If one country refuses to control its population growth while the rest of the world achieves such control, it has no right to insist on free migration, even though any sudden cutting off of migration will certainly be regarded as a threat and will create strains. In general, changes in restrictions on migration and trade are much more likely to create strain than the mere existence of the restrictions, and a world order may have to include some institution for moderating these changes.

Eventually, of course, there must be a reasonably stable world population, or else institutions will break down. A world order, therefore, must include institutions for world population control, whatever these are going to be. It is fortunate that we have time to create such institutions; certainly we do not know at present what form they might take.

Strains may be placed upon peace not only because a group of people perceives differences between itself and another group, but because a group perceives a worsening of its economic condition per se. This situation it will see as a generalized threat to its continued welfare and existence. A generalized threat, however, has a constant tendency to become particularized, that is, the group which feels itself threatened looks for a scapegoat: within the society, another group (witches, Jews, Kulaks, Communists, etc.); outside the society, other nations.

Under these circumstances, any worsening of conditions, from whatever cause, is likely to produce an increase in tensions and an increased probability of war. The maintenance of stable peace, therefore, requires that all societies and subgroups within the world society have a sufficiently real image of their own social systems to be able to identify the true causes of the worsening of conditions.

Implicit in this statement, of course, is the assumption that there would be different systems, i.e., a world divided into capitalist and socialist societies. This is an assumption that might not set well with some readers. It is a deep strand in the national mythology of the United States that a nation cannot survive half slave and half free, or that, more generally, two diverse social systems cannot coexist within the same political framework. It is but a step from this argument to say that a stable peace is impossible if the world is half socialist and half capitalist; that these two social systems are so incompatible that either one must destroy the other or some new synthesis must be found which is capable of encompassing them both.

If this is true, the outlook is dark indeed, for there seems to be no way in which one system can conquer the other except by a disastrous nuclear war, and at the moment, at least, any synthesis seems to be far off, though there is some hope that each system is moving in a direction which will bring the two closer together.

If the only solution to the problem of a stable peace is a world federal government along the lines of the federal government of the United States, the above consideration might well be a fatal obstacle, for it is indeed hard to conceive a true federal government which would encompass systems as diverse as we now have in the world. If, however, we can devise a model of stable peace which is somewhere short of federal government, which will involve, as it were, functional world political institutions but not in any true sense world sovereignty, then the problem looks more soluble.

THERE certainly seems to be no economic reasons why diverse systems cannot coexist, provided that each of them is in itself workable. It seems reasonable to suppose in the light of the history of the last forty years that both socialist and capitalist economic systems are workable, in the sense that each can produce enough internal modification of its own system to overcome its major difficulties.

There is, however, no real *necessity* that either of these systems be workable. We already have some examples of unsuccessful capitalist development, and it will be very surprising if in another fifty years we do not have some spectacular examples of unsuccessful socialist development.

It is possible for any society, no matter what its constitution and economic system, to fail to solve its internal problems. But the ability to solve internal problems is not closely correlated

Fortunately, I had the foresight to plan ahead. They cut my department budget too, but not so much as I had overestimated it.

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with the division into socialist and capitalist societies. Neither socialism nor capitalism are in themselves solutions to economic problems. They merely represent different sets of conditions within which the problems must be solved. Our personal preference is, of course, for a capitalist society, that is, a free-market economy which is capable of solving its problems. However, a socialist society that can solve its problems is preferable to a capitalist society that cannot. The whole argument between socialism and capitalism has, therefore, a certain nineteenth-century flavor which is not necessarily relevant to the real problems of the twentieth century.

The problem of the coexistence of capitalism and socialism is, then, no more intrinsically difficult than the problem, say, of the coexistence of Protestantism and Catholicism. The solution to the problem of the organization of religion in society has been achieved not by the conquest by one of these forms of religious life and organization by the other, but by the creation of a social milieu in which the threat of each to the other has been removed, or at least diminished to the point where it no longer causes violence.

Men go to war literally because they see no alternative. The development of institutions to provide for a stable peace must, therefore, take two lines of approach: to make the alternative of war less favorable, and to make other alternatives more favorable. In the former category, we put such things as world law, world government, and world courts; in the latter category, such things as disseminating knowledge of alternatives to threat situations besides war.

This last is something that is often overlooked, especially by those whose attention is concentrated, quite legitimately one may add, on the institutions of law. But the better the alternatives to threat situations, and the more vividly they are perceived, then the easier the problem that law has to solve.

To stop violence we must raise its expected costs and lower its expected rewards. Here is where the growth of knowledge regarding the solution of economic problems is most important. There is clearly some level of inability to solve economic problems at which violence becomes almost inevitable. It is by no means clear that the world at present is below this threshold, and it is consequently of the utmost importance to raise the level of economic knowledge and economic literacy to the point where a significant number of people can see that nonviolent solutions to economic problems are clearly preferable to attempts at violent solutions.

LITERARY HORIZONS

Too Much and Not Enough

By GRANVILLE HICKS

JOHN BRAINE's reputation as one of England's Angry Young Men rests primarily on his first novel, "Room at the Top," which was published in 1957 and was made into what I have been told is an excellent moving picture. The novel's hero, Joe Lampton, is a young proletarian who hates his working-class background and is determined to lay hold of the good things of this life. The desire to get ahead economically and socially is a common ambition and is in many quarters regarded as a worthy one. More than half a century ago, for instance, Horatio Alger made a fortune by exploiting the theme. Braine's treatment, moreover, is a little like Alger's in that Joe achieves his ambition not by hard work nor even by ruthlessness, but by being lucky enough to attract the attention of a rich man. But whereas the typical Alger hero does this by saving the rich man's daughter from runaway horses or some other menace, Joe does it by getting the rich man's daughter pregnant.

There is another difference: Alger leaves us with the assurance that his hero is going to live happily ever after, but at the end of "Room at the Top" we know very well that Joe is bound to have a miserable time. "**Life at the Top**" (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50) describes his miseries. Ten years after the end of the earlier book, Joe has what looks like a good job, a large house in the best part of the city, two cars, and many of the other luxuries he had dreamed of. But his father-in-law dominates not only his economic life but also his political life and to a great extent his domestic life, and his mother-in-law never leaves him unaware of his vulgar origins. His wife, Susan, is beautiful, and often they find one another desirable; but they bicker constantly, and sometimes there are serious quarrels. His son has been sent, on the grandparents' insistence, to the right kind of preparatory school, and Joe feels that Harry has been completely alienated from him. He has only one solace, his four-year-old daughter, Barbara, whom he adores in a fashion verging on the maudlin.

If this summary reminds readers of stories they have encountered in the women's magazines, they are not so far wrong as I could wish. The man—or woman—who is handsomely endowed with material possessions and yet is unhappy is one of the stock characters of contemporary popular fiction. Of course, this cliché, like all clichés, bears a certain relation to reality; there are, as we say, people like that, lots of them. But the popular fiction writer achieves only a superficial verisimilitude, never tells us anything more about such people than we already know, never comes anywhere near to the heart of the matter. And I am afraid that much the same can be said of Braine.

Joe tells the story himself, as he did in "Room at the Top," and he lets us know what he is feeling. Often he indulges in self-reproach. When he delivers a lecture on local politics, he tells himself that it was "a shoddy performance, smooth and coherent and delivered in a loud clear voice but without one scrap of originality." He condemns himself as a conformist: "I'd grown too accustomed to taking into account the consequences of every action, I'd grown too accustomed to weighing the pros and cons." When

he is about to give in to his father-in-law, he bewails his cowardice: "I had never had the guts to do anything that I wanted to; I had sold myself to the first bidder, I would never be any more than a sound reliable man obeying orders without question."

Self-reproach yields easily to self-pity. At the outset he tells us: "I felt weighed down by things, all the material possessions which had accumulated during ten years of marriage." At the end he says: "Looking back, I saw nothing but struggle: struggle to reac' Dufton Grammar School, struggle t pass my matriculation, struggle to become a clerk in the Treasurer's at Dufton, struggle to marry Susan and the long struggle, which only since summer

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I've known to be so, of marriage itself." "I've had to sweat for everything I've got," he tells his mother-in-law, and apparently he believes it.

Joe makes one revealing remark: "I hadn't got as far as I wanted to go, I was much fatter than I ought to be, Susan had started to nag me again, I wasn't as clever as Graffham nor was I going to be as rich as young Hethersett; but women had wanted me." This is his great, if not his only, asset. It is quite clear that he would never have got anywhere near the top without his father-in-law's help, and there is no evidence that he is capable of doing more than the kind of routine job his father-in-law gives him. But Susan, quick as she is to point out his shortcomings in other respects, likes to go to bed with him, and so does Norah, who is for a time his mistress. Various other women, as he takes pleasure in reporting, would be glad of the opportunity. Whenever he bogs down in self-pity, he can always tell himself: "women had wanted me."

In the months that the novel describes—the crucial period in Joe's marriage—there are business and political complications, adultery on his part and adultery on Susan's, a series of crises. There is even a crisis in his relationship with his daughter, which, since it is about the only surprise the book affords, I won't go into. But in the end it turns out that Joe has grown up, and if Braine doesn't have nerve enough to provide a conventional happy ending, he comes up with what will do, in these uncertain times, as a reasonable substitute. "With no warning," Joe reports in the closing sentences, "through no conscious effort, I was happy, happier than I had been since childhood. It could not last, it was already evaporating as I began to be grateful for it; but I knew it would come again."

Joe Lampton, it is clear, does not understand himself; and if Braine has any deeper insight, he has not found a way in his handling of the first-person narrative to reveal it. As a document the book has some interest, for it shows that a confusion of values that we tend to think of as peculiarly American can be found in contemporary England; indeed, except for superficial matters, life over there seems very much like life over here. What is depressing is that Braine appears to believe that he has risen above the confusion, when he is as much its victim as any slick novelist you can name. In my self-interview (*SR*, July 21) I named John Braine as one of the English writers worth watching; I may as well say here and now that I was wrong.

THE AUTHOR: Forty-year-old John Braine, whose haunting exploration of the failure of success made "Room at the Top" one of the most memorably successful of recent British novels, unashamedly admits that he loves the literary life and is by nature "gregarious and exhibitionist." This is why, by a logic clear to anyone who has ever been plagued by the vexingly un-Puritan temptation to play rather than work, he chooses to live near his birthplace in the North of England, about as far from the literary teas of London as a man can get without becoming an expatriate ("I don't think it's a good thing to be an expatriate," he says. "In the end it ruins one's prose, gives it that nauseating picture-postcard brightness"). Nor does he affect any of the other traditional literary trappings. He dresses like a businessman (but often looks, he confesses, "like an unmade bed"), does his writing at a plain office chair and desk, and works regular hours with such clerkish punctuality (9 to 12:30, 1:30 to 5) that if any time is lost during the day he scrupulously makes up for it at night.

Braine writes his novels—"Life at the Top" is his third—in great, rapid chunks, shaping the words in a minuscule longhand that looks something like the path of an erratic inchworm ("This isn't very quick," he says, "but neither is my brain"). In a recent letter he described his method: "I set out in search of a theme and eventually emerge with a rough-and-ready plot—about 500 words—and a clear picture of the way it's going to end. Then I write a first draft of about 100,000 words. I neither revise nor research at this point, but am only concerned with finishing the story as quickly as possible. Then I start work on the final draft, working to a strict timetable and producing a fixed amount of work every day. The rest is just polishing and packaging."

Although Braine says he can't remember ever wanting to be anything but a writer, his struggle toward that goal had little of the heady directness that characterized his hero's short cut to the top. He left school at sixteen without graduating (it wasn't until five years later that he got his School Certificate by correspondence course), and for two years drifted from one dull job to another. "I was an unhappy and inefficient assistant in a furniture shop, secondhand bookshop, and pharmaceutical laboratory, and a progress chaser in a piston ring factory," he recalls. In 1940 he became a librarian in Bingley and—with time out for the Navy, an interval of free-lance writing in London, and a year at library school—worked as a librarian until 1957. In that year "Room at the Top" finally made it possible for him to quit his job and devote all his time to writing.

Rarely, in fact, has a first novel had the immediate impact of "Room at the Top." In England it was easily the most discussed—and probably the most praised—first novel of 1957. And when the book appeared in this country one critic said, "On this occasion, at least, there is no reason for transatlantic wonder over why the British critics were so enthusiastic over a young man's first novel." The film that was later made from the novel, starring Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret, was not only strikingly successful in its own right, but also sent large numbers of viewers scurrying to bookstores and libraries in search of the novel. "I was very happy about the movie," says Braine. "Otherwise I should have refused to let my name be associated with it." The secret of its compelling power as cinema, he says, is that it was filmed in his home district of Bingley in Yorkshire (where the novel was set and where Braine lives today with his wife and five-year-old son).

Braine lists as his favorite authors Fitzgerald, O'Hara, Yeats, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Betjeman, Dickens, and Chekhov. "The most important to me," he says, "is Fitzgerald, because he's almost the only twentieth-century writer who knows anything about prose. And I should mention Thomas Wolfe, if only because in the USA you so lamentably neglect him."

Now that "Life at the Top" is published, Braine hopes to start on a new novel set in the World War I period. "This is a war that means a great deal to me," he says. "Bradford, where I was born, was shattered by it. It still reeks of sorrow. The streets are still saddened by it. Now it's time for it to be digested—historical events of this magnitude take a long time to prepare." But Braine insists that all his plans are necessarily vague: "The more one trains oneself to be a sensitive recording instrument, the more one makes oneself unfit to live in the world today, waiting—to use a phrase which has stuck in my memory—for the sky to fall."

—James F. Fixx.

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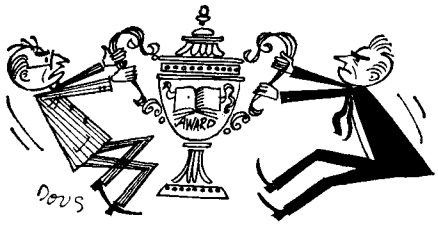

A SEASON OF DISCONTENT

By HALLOWELL BOWSER

WHAT has come over the world of belles-lettres? In the half-year just past, no fewer than four of our major literary prizes—the National Book Awards, the Pulitzer Prizes, the American Academy of Arts and Letters grants, and the YM-YWHA Poetry Center awards—have occasioned unwonted displays of spleen and temperament.

A certain amount of pique and bruised feelings is, of course, a feature of the award-giving process. But the flareups that punctuated the 1962 awards season reflect a basic disgruntlement that may well turn the early months of 1963 into another season of literary discontent.

The first and gaudiest of the 1962 controversies began with the National Book Awards banquet, on the evening of March 13. When Walker Percy's novel "The Moviegoer" was named winner in the fiction category, embarrassment hung heavy in the hall, since most of the several hundred book critics present had neither read nor reviewed the prize-winner.

By the next morning embarrassment was turning into suspicion. How could an unheralded first novel have won the nation's top fiction award? Was there more here than met the eye?

There certainly was, according to a newspaper story that was soon being circulated widely in different versions. The report was based on remarks made by writer A. J. Liebling, husband of NBA judge Jean Stafford, at a Columbia School of Journalism seminar held the day after the NBA awards dinner. Mr. Liebling, the story ran, had boasted of influencing his wife and the other NBA judges in favor of "The Moviegoer," largely because the novel's setting is Louisiana—a state Mr. Liebling has been particularly fond of ever since he wrote a biography of its eccentric former Governor, the late Earl Long. As *Show* magazine told the story, "It seems that the journalist husband of a lady judge found the book attractive principally because it was set in New Orleans, one of his favorite places. He conveyed his preference to his consort. She dutifully convinced her fellow jurists that her husband's wish was their command."

Wounded, Mr. Liebling denied that he practiced literary criticism on a states' rights basis. The story going the rounds was, he protested, based on a misinterpretation by a "kid from the New York *Times*" of remarks he, Mr. Liebling, had made at the Columbia University seminar. "I said at Columbia that I was attracted *to* 'The Moviegoer' by a favorable review . . . and by its New Orleans setting," he explained in a letter to the editors of *Show*. "I did not say, 'I found it attractive principally because' it was so set, as you have it. I thought it a fine book."

He had later recommended the novel to his wife, Mr. Liebling averred, and after reading and liking it she had mentioned it to her fellow judges, Herbert Gold and Lewis Gannett; but Miss Stafford was no Trilby to his Svengali ("She seldom respects my preferences."). Miss Stafford's thoughts on the award appear elsewhere in these pages.

As for his playing Gray Eminence to NBA judges Gannett and Gold, the suggestion was, said Mr. Liebling, "pure fantasy and inexcusably insulting to . . . two independent souls . . . who made up their minds about the book separately, a continent apart."

More hard feelings had been stirred up, meanwhile, by Mr. Liebling's assertion in the Columbia talk that Mr. Percy's publishing house, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., had been less than vigorous in its promotion of "The Moviegoer." "When I had read the book," Mr. Liebling recalled in his letter to *Show*, "I called it to Miss Stafford's attention. Knopf, Percy's publisher, hadn't . . . although they had sent around a bushel or so of their more favored offspring . . . 'The Moviegoer' without this chance encounter might have missed the judges' eyes altogether. . . . When Percy, a grand fellow, showed up to receive the award, his publisher treated him like an erring daughter with child at breast."

No such thing, cried a spokesman for Knopf: "This is a gratuitous slap at a house that has gone out of its way to publish first novels. . . . As for pushing this book, we did exactly what we do for every first novel."

Finally, an NBA spokesman was moved to chide Mr. Liebling for his apparent misunderstanding of the Awards procedure: ". . . it is not fair to criticize any publisher for failing to send copies of books to NBA judges. The judges themselves, with the help of the lists furnished to them by the Awards Advisory Committee, are responsible for making their own individual requests for books; these requests are then passed on to the pub lishers."

The NBA excitement had not yet subsided when, early in May, the Pulitzer Prize announcements kicked

May 24, 1962.

I WANT to make a brief statement on this [AAAL] award. John Williams declined the Arts and Letters award because he was refused the Academy in Rome Fellowship after having been the unanimous choice of the jury of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. This was done in an atmosphere of great bureaucratic confusion. I was the runner-up in the competition and therefore won it. Mr. Williams and I agree—more or less—to the following statement on the basis of a conversation between us:

(1) The jury of the American Academy of Arts and Letters: If they had been firmer in their dealings with the American Academy in Rome, this painful situation would not have happened.

(2) There is a bug in the relations between the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the American Academy in Rome that allows this confusion to happen. The American Academy of Arts and Letters should define its relations with the American Academy in Rome. The question is, should an administrator have veto power over judges who award prizes to artists on the basis of merit?

(3) My personal position is: I will take the money from the academies during their confusion, and I will go to Rome in the hope that they will behave better in their future awards. Thank you. —ALAN DUGAN.

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up a new fuss. For the first time in forty-six years the trustees of Columbia, who administer the prizes, turned down a biography recommended by a distinguished Pulitzer advisory board, and said they would give no award in the biography category.

The work passed over so pointedly was "Citizen Hearst," Walter Swanberg's life of press lord William Randolph Hearst, Sr. The trustees did not explain why the book had been found unacceptable. Unofficially, however, one trustee confided that a book about such a controversial personality as Mr. Hearst could hardly measure up to Pulitzer specifications for a biography "teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people, illustrated by an eminent example."

This explanation brought snorts from many critics, who pointed to various prize-winning works that did not begin to live up to the toplofty citations for their categories. Actually, the book makes no bones about the awful gap between Mr. Hearst's journalistic practices and the sky-high standards cited by the trustees. In one passage Mr. Swanberg says that though Mr. Hearst "spoke piously of ideals in journalism, he left no gutter unexplored." This viewpoint found no favor with Mr. Hearst's son and successor, publisher William Randolph Hearst, Jr., who wrote, "I couldn't care less whether the book won . . . or not . . . Swanberg . . . describes a side of my father which . . . did not exist."

Relishing the commotion and the attendant brisk sales of "Citizen Hearst," Mr. Swanberg dubbed his un-winning of the non-award "How to Succeed by Failing." He suspects the trustees' action was less a matter of moral revulsion than it was "a latter-day replay of the Hearst-Pulitzer journalistic war."

While Columbia's board of trustees and the Pulitzer board were disagreeing with each other, another battle of the boards was shaping up. On January 30 novelist John Williams received from the American Academy of Arts and Letters a note saying, ". . . the Academy . . . has chosen you as the recipient of a Fellowship to the American Academy in Rome for the year October 1962-October 1963 subject to the approval of the American Academy in Rome. The letter went on to mention the award's value—$3,500—and the date of its presentation (May 24).

Elated, Mr. Williams applied for a leave from his job, had a fifteen-minute interview with Richard A. Kimball, director of the American Academy in Rome, and began to make plans for his year abroad. But late in February the novelist learned the Academy in Rome had broken an eleven-year precedent by passing him over, without explanation, in favor of the AAAL's second choice, poet Alan Dugan. The blow was later softened somewhat when Mr. Williams received a letter from the National Institute of Arts and Letters (parent body of the AAAL). The letter assured him that the Rome academy would soon let him know why his name had not been approved. The same letter offered him another award—this one for $2,000—which he agreed to accept at the AAAL's May 24 ceremonies.

But on May 7, oppressed by his failure to receive the promised explanation of his rejection by the Rome group, Mr. Williams wrote to the AAAL and the Institute, "The events leading up to the granting of the [$2,000] award are of such an ambiguous nature that I cannot in good conscience accept the grant. . . . I feel now were I to accept the award, it would be tacit agreement that no explanation was due me." Tempers at the AAAL were not improved by the fact Mr. Williams's declination came only after the academy had printed up announcements and an awards program listing his name.

Meanwhile, to Mr. Williams's dismay, all sorts of whispers and surmises were being heard about his rejection: Had his nomination been vetoed because he is a Negro? Or did he have some unspeakable character defect, like many of the people in his well-received novel "Night Song"? Published by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy in 1961, "Night Song" depicts "a world of cool, of arrogant musicians and worrrying night-club owners, a world filled with admirers, detractors, tourists, hipsters, squares, policemen, and weirdies." Mr. Williams's own surmise was that he had been turned down not because he is a Negro, as such, but because he is a Negro who wears a cap and a beard—and who so violates the foursquare "public image" which, he says, the Rome Academy representative set great store by during their brief talk.

Finally, on May 17, Michael Rapuano, president of the Academy in Rome, wrote to Mr. Williams, ". . . it was felt that [Alan Dugan] would profit more from a year in Rome than would you. . . . As to the question of race prejudice [the Academy] has had Fellows who were Negroes. . . ."

In reply Mr. Williams, writhing under the poisonous rumors, wrote, "You do not explain why it was felt that I would profit less than someone else from a year in Rome. . . . You assure me that I was not rejected because I am a Negro. It would perhaps be better for my personal reputation if you told me that that was the reason for my rejection."

At the awards ceremony of May 24 Alan Dugan, in accepting the Rome prize, startled the audience by saying the AAAL jury should have been firmer in their dealings with the American Academy in Rome. He added, "I will go to Rome in the hope that they will

(*Continued on page* 50)

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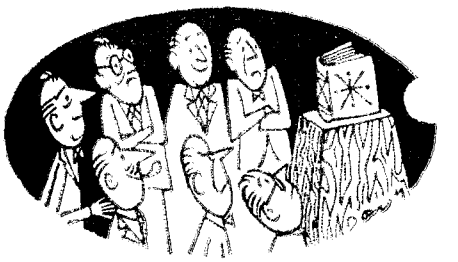
The Critics Go to the Poll



A GENTLE naturalist turned crusader heads the list by a wide margin in *SR*'s fall survey of outstanding books. Twenty-five of the forty-four newspaper critics replying to the poll agreed that Rachel Carson's "Silent Spring" is the season's most significant work, and its repercussions will undoubtedly be heard for a long time to come. Second place, with ten ballots, went to James Jones's latest examination of men at war, "The Thin Red Line," followed closely by Allen Drury's "A Shade of Difference," chosen by nine reviewers. Runners-up include "More Lives Than One," Joseph Wood Krutch's sensitive autobiography (five votes); Mark Twain's fanciful "Letters from the Earth" (also five votes) and the sometimes all-too-real "Letters of Oscar Wilde," which tied with Glenway Wescott's examination of literary "Images of Truth" (four votes; see p. 41).

These, and other titles receiving from one to three votes, are listed below.

TWENTY-FIVE VOTES

SILENT SPRING. By Rachel Carson. Houghton Mifflin. $5. A devastating and heavily documented indictment of the irresponsible loosing of dangerous chemicals on our countryside. (J. Alexander, Barkham, Bingham, Bond, Bradley, Brunk, Cady, Cromie, de Morrini, Flowers, Grunewald, Hogan, Kenney, Klein, Kilpatrick, Lawrence, McSherry, Menn, Nordell, Peckham, Powers, Rogers, J. Sherman, T. Sherman, Stanley.)

TEN VOTES

THE THIN RED LINE. By James Jones. Scribners. $5.95. This many-leveled chronicle of the last days of the Guadalcanal campaign forms a companion piece to the much-heralded "From Here to Eternity." (Bradley, Douglas, Grunewald, Hogan, Kenney, Kirsch, Klein, Sandrof, Willard, Yeiser.)

NINE VOTES

A SHADE OF DIFFERENCE. By Allen Drury. Doubleday. $6.95. Senatorial figures from "Advise and Consent" reappear in this long novel in which racial discrimination becomes the U.N. issue that unites Soviet and African blocs against the United States. (H. Alexander, J. Alexander, Bond, Brunk, Cromie, Flowers, Kilpatrick, McSherry, Peckham.)

FIVE VOTES

MORE LIVES THAN ONE. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Morrow. $5. Naturalist, philosopher, and critic, Mr. Krutch records with modesty and simplicity of style his search for life's meaning. (Douglas, Flowers, Kenney, Nordell, T. Sherman.

LETTERS FROM THE EARTH. By Mark Twain. Edited by Bernard DeVoto. Harper & Row. $5.95. This series of imaginary epistles from Satan to his fellow archangels after his banishment from Heaven, first prepared for publication in 1939 but withheld due to family objections, emphasizes the power of the sexual urge. (Brady, Perkin, Reid, J. Sherman, Willard.)

FOUR VOTES

THE LETTERS OF OSCAR WILDE. Edited by Rupert Hart-Davis. Harcourt, Brace & World. $15. From school in Dublin and Oxford to Reading Gaol and final exile on the Continent, one of the most incredible of literary lives is here vividly recreated. (Barkham, Bradley, Cross, de Morinni.)

IMAGES OF TRUTH: Remembrances and Criticism. By Glenway Wescott. Harper & Row. $6. In a belief that "there is a more precise, potent truth in story than in philosophy," the author searches for the meanings to be found in six contemporary writers of fiction. (Derleth, Douglas, Nordell, Peckham.)

OTHER SELECTIONS

AGAINST THE AMERICAN GRAIN. By Dwight Macdonald. Random House. $5.95.

ALL MY PRETTY ONES. By Anne Sexton. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

AMERICA AND THE WORLD REVOLUTION. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford. $4.75

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE HISTORY OF FLIGHT. Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. American Heritage. $15.

The Newspaper Reviewers

HOLMES ALEXANDER, *Tampa Tribune*
JAMES E. ALEXANDER, *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
MARY BINGHAM, *Louisville* [Ky.] *Times*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
CHARLES A. BRADY, *Buffalo Evening News*
CHARLOTTE BRUNK, *Des Moines Sunday Register*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus* [O.] *Dispatch*
ROBERT A. CROMIE, *Chicago Tribune*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
PEGGY DE MORINNI, *Buffalo Courier-Express*
AUGUST DERLETH, *The Capital Times* [Madison, Wis.]
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville* [Tenn.] *Banner*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Commercial Appeal* [Memphis, Tenn.]
GEORGE FREEDLEY, *New York Morning Telegraph*
HUDSON GRUNEWALD, *Washington Star*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World-Herald*
WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERBERT P. KENNEY, JR., *Indianapolis News*
JAMES J. KILPATRICK, *Richmond* [Va.] *News Leader*
ROBERT KIRSCH, *Los Angeles Times*
FRANCIS A. KLEIN, *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*
JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE, *Newark News*
RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN, *Springfield* [Mass.] REPUBLICAN
ELIZABETH A. MCSHERRY, *Hartford Courant*
THORPE MENN, *Kansas City* [Mo.] *Star*
RODERICK NORDELL, *Christian Science Monitor*
HOKE NORRIS, *Chicago Sun-Times*
STANTON PECKHAM, *Denver Post*
ROBERT PERKIN, *Rocky Mountain News* [Denver, Colo.]
DENNIS POWERS, *Oakland Tribune*
MARGARET WALRAVEN REID, *Wichita Falls* [Tex.] *Times*
SAM RAGAN, *Raleigh* [N. C.] *News and Observer*
W. G. ROGERS, Saturday Review Syndicate
IVAN SANDROF, *Worcester* [Mass.] *Sunday Telegram*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
DONALD STANLEY, *San Francisco Examiner*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas Morning News*
GEORGE TROY, *Providence Journal and Evening Bulletin*
LAWRENCE F. WILLARD, *New Haven Register*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

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THE BERNARD BERENSON TREASURY. By Hanna Kiel. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES, 1962. Edited by Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin. $5.50.

BIG SUR. By Jack Kerouac. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.50

A COMPANY OF HEROES: The American Frontier 1775-1783. By Dale Van Every. Morrow. $6.

A DANCER IN DARKNESS. By David Stacton. Pantheon. $3.95.

THE DARK COMEDY. By J. L. Styan. Cambridge. $5.50.

THE EDGE OF THE ALPHABET. By Janet Frame. Braziller. $4.95.

THE ELEVATOR: Stories by Maude Hutchins. Morrow. $4.

FANNY AND THE REGENT OF SIAM. R. J. Minney. World. $4.95.

GABRIELA, CLOVE AND CINNAMON. By Jorge Amado. Translated by James L. Taylor and William L. Grossman. Knopf. $5.95.

THE GOLDEN ROAD. By Felix Riesenberg. Viking. $3.95.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY. By David O. Woodbury. Viking. $4.95.

HENRY JAMES: Vol. II, The Conquest of London; Vol. III, The Middle Years. By Leon Edel. Lippincott. $8.50 each. $16 set.

MAN AND THE SUN. By Jacquetta Hawkes. Random House. $5.

ONTRAP. By Don Berry. Viking.

MORTE D'URBAN. By J. F. Powers. Doubleday. $4.50.

MOTHER AND SON. The Wartime Correspondence of Isoko and Ichiro Hatano. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

PAGES FROM THE GONCOURT JOURNAL. Edited, translated & introduced by Robert Baldick. $8.75.

PEARL HARBOR: Warning and Decision. By Roberta Wohlstetter. Stanford. $7.50.

THE PUBLIC HAPPINESS. By August Heckscher. Atheneum. $5.75.

THE ROSE OF TIBET. By Lionel Davidson. Harper & Row. $4.95.

SEVEN DAYS IN MAY. By Fletcher Knebel & Charles W. Bailey II. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE SHATTERED GLASS. By Jean Ariss. Knopf. $4.95.

STRONG MEN ARMED: The United States Marines Against Japan. By Robert Leckie. Random House. $7.95.

A STUDY OF COMMUNISM. By J. Edgar Hoover. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

THE TIME BEFORE THIS. Nicholas Monsarrat. Morrow. $3.50.

THE TOYS OF PRINCES. By Ghislain De Diesbach. Pantheon. $3.50.

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN. By Henry Miller. Grove. $7.50.

VOICES OF GLORY. By Davis Grubb. Scribners. $5.95.

WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN THE CASTLE. By Shirley Jackson. Viking. $3.95.

The Literary Sampler

Excerpts from New and Forthcoming Books

Sorrow Beyond Words

AS REGARDS my children, I sincerely hope I may be recognized by the Court as having some little, I won't say right, but claim to be allowed to see Cyril from time to time: it would be to me a sorrow beyond words if I were not. I do hope the Court will see in me something more than a man with a tragic vice in his life. There is so much more in me, and I always was a good father to both my children. . . . And it would be better for them not to be forced to think of me as an outcast, but to know me as a man who has suffered. . . . it is a terrible responsibility for the Law to say to a father that he is unfit to see his own children . . .

—From "The Letters of Oscar Wilde," edited by Rupert Hart-Davis, published this month by Harcourt, Brace & World.

"Do Not Slam the Door!"

WHAT makes the small taxi so insulting is that it is bad technology. It epitomizes all the assaults which the city makes on the patience of its residents and which they can do nothing about. There is something grotesque, for example, in the fact that most modern cabs have a sign saying DO NOT SLAM THE DOOR. Surely this is not to spare the sensibilities of the driver, a man whose use of the horn reveals him to be, if anything, in favor of noise. It can only mean that the cab is so shoddily built that any simple jolt will dash it to pieces. . . .

Quite a few of the new cabs also have a sign begging their passengers to be careful of their hands when they shut the door. This is because certain doors have a habit of trapping two or three fingers as they close—another fact that doesn't speak highly for their design. Of course, there wouldn't be any problem if taxi doors still had handles. Some of you older people may remember the handle. It was an object that extended from the cab door and was shaped in such a way that a hand could grab it. (This, in fact, is how it got its name.) The handle was used for centuries until Detroit replaced it. The "handles" on today's cabs are like the manual puzzles in an aptitude test —interlocking nests of chrome that do not yield their secret easily. No two look alike, so it does no good to remember how they work, for the chances of hailing the same taxi twice are small, similar though the monologues from the front seat may seem.

—"The City Dwellers," by William K. Zinsser, published this month by Harper & Row.

Passport to Ease

IN SOME underdeveloped countries, being able to read and write is considered enough. If you can read and write, you are educated. And—especially in former colonial nations—education is often regarded as a passport to a life of ease. If you can get an education, you can stop working. This does not mean that you merely stop physical labor, but that you can stop working altogether. . . .

In the last generation or two, there has been a recognition in the developed world that the educated man owes society a great deal extra because he is educated. A wider understanding of this responsibility is needed in the underdeveloped world.

—From "World Without Want," by Paul G. Hoffman, to be published in November by Harcourt, Brace & World.

Dubbing by the Dozen

WHAT, then, brought about the resurgence of the Italian film? Oddly enough, it was the worst turned out at Cinecittà and other Roman studios, the cheap spectacles based on mythical and pseudohistorical themes, that restored prosperity to the industry. With the slowdown of production in Hollywood, and the ever-increasing cost of film making, there was a sudden need for features, particularly for the bottom half of double bills. The American drive-in theater made a signal contribution to the Italian film industry. The Italian film spectacle was not unlike the run-of-the-mill American variety. They could be turned out quickly and relatively cheaply, and exhibited here with dubbed-in American or British voices. It was Mussolini, as far back as the Thirties, who had insisted on all foreign films shown in Italy being dubbed with native voices. Dubbing was a familiar technique to the Italians; they improved their methods after the war; and it was as easy to dub English-speaking voices as Italian on the sound

(*Continued on page* 53)

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The Hemisphere Next Door

"El Gringo: The Yankee Image in Latin America," by D. H. Radler *(Chilton. 169 pp. $3.95), berates the States for not paying more attention to the nations to the South. Gladys Barber was several times alternate U.S. delegate to the Inter-American Commission of Women; Willard Barber teaches international affairs at the University of Maryland.*

By GLADYS & WILLARD BARBER

NO RESPECTER of persons, D. H. Radler lashes out at what he considers to be stupidity or error no matter where encountered. He offers a lengthy list of the ills afflicting our Latin American relationships. These ills result, he claims, from mistakes on the part of all manner of persons, including Presidents Kennedy and Eisenhower, U.S. journalists, diplomats, businessmen, and technical experts.

Writing with insistence and emotion, the author urges us to turn our attention to Latin America. To this area so close to home, and the status of the Yankee image within it, he assigns top priority. Mr. Radler is not alone, nor is he the first in his discovery of Latin America, its potential, its charm, its respect for intellectuals, and its sometimes open, sometimes latent hostility to *gringos*. There are those among us who have long advocated the need for wider knowledge about Hispanic America. We resented being taught, in the land of Juan de Oñate and Coronado, that U.S. history began at Plymouth Rock.

The author is *simpático* to and with the people of Central America, where he has lived since 1958. Indeed he so completely identifies himself with his friends there that he is guilty of overstatement. For example, he asserts that the Latin American press is superior to that of the United States. And that "the Latin American man is first and foremost a family man" (in some countries more than half the births are illegitimate). The fact is Mr. Radler has had insufficient time and too narrow an experience as a United Fruit Company employee and teacher, mostly in Honduras, to warrant generalizing, as he does, for a score of countries.

Some Latin mannerisms and folk ways do not please: loud radios, overly passionate politics, excessive pride in virility. On the credit side is a great capacity for friendship and loyalty. A high value is placed on the individ personality. And herein may lie a key to improved relationships between North and South: we in the United States are likely to consider ourselves as part of a social, community, club, or business group. The Latin is much less organized in every sphere and is much more approachable on a strictly individual basis. But such approaches take time, and there may not be much time.

In addition to the Communist danger, the author anticipates that "expropriations are bound to come in every country as they have in Cuba and Mexico." One might conclude that he is ready to write off the situation as already lost. But Mr. Radler is not merely an angry young man. He makes positive recommendations: sharing controls and revenues of the canal with Panamá; federal scholarships for the study of hemispheric languages and history in our schools; less arrogance and more humility in the conduct of our political and intellectual leaders; the adoption of Spanish corporate names for U.S. enterprises, and integration of U.S. personnel into the local community.

As there must be in a volume of this length, there are many omissions. Thr is scarce mention of the Church, excep for an aside about birth control, and utter silence regarding its *Mater et Magistra* epochal pronouncement. AFL-CIO help to Latin labor unionists, and the emphasis of Teodoro Moscoso on the revolutionary aims of the Alliance for Progress are among the many factors ignored. Radler is surprisingly hostile to the Alliance, citing its economic growth rate as a goal that, even if achieved, would be absorbed by the population explosion. He concludes that these countries, influenced by Catholicism, Indian tradition, and the Spanish sex code, are breeding themselves into starvation.

The author sees a real and present danger in the Soviet aim to infiltrate, agitate, divide, and conquer. He believes that Communism is winning successive small battles and will continue to do so regardless of events in Cuba. The reviewers, however, do not share the book's disturbing pessimism in anticipating a Communist takeover of rural groups organized for community action by the Peace Corps, once the Corps departs.

There are many other books wi facts about Latin America; Radle emphasizes the psychological aspects of getting along with the people there. He wants his countrymen, other *gringos*, to do better.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BROWNING PRO AND CON

Here, assembled by Lysander Kemp of Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico, is a cluster of allusions flattering and un—, to Robert Browning by assorted fellow-craftsmen. You are asked to assign the correct observer to the correct observation. Answers on page 47.

1. When we marched into the *salone*, Browning was seated at the piano, playing (I think) a Toccata of Galuppi's. ( ) Charles Kingsley
2. Meredith is a prose Browning, and so is Browning. ( ) Gerard Manley Hopkins
3. Hang it all, Robert Browning,
   There can be but one 'Sordello.' ( ) T. S. Eliot
4. And, Robert Browning, you writer of plays,
   Here's a subject made to your hand! ( ) Oscar Wilde
5. The Brownings too are good in their ghastly way. ( ) Walter Savage Landor
6. Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
   No man hath walked along our roads with step
   So active . . . ( ) Max Beerbohm
7. Tennyson and Browning are poets, and they think; but they do not feel their thought as immediately as the odour of a rose. ( ) Ezra Pound
8. Leave to Robert Browning
   Beggars, fleas and vines. ( ) Robert Browning

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Sun Above, Mud Below

—*From the book.*

Carolina Maria de Jesus in a Brazilian shantytown—"Brazil's *favelas* are inhabited by people who cannot afford to live in slums."

"Child of the Dark: The Diary of Carolina Maria de Jesus," translated by David St. Clair *(Dutton. 190 pp. $4.50), records the filth, the stench, and degradation of a typical Brazilian shanty town. An associate professor in the Department of Anthropology at Columbia University, Marvin Harris wrote "Town and Country in Brazil," a community study.*

By MARVIN HARRIS

NO LARGE Latin American metropolis is without its shanty towns, but experts agree that some of the most perfect specimens of the type exist in Brazil. Called "favelas," the great junkyard dormitories of Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, and even the new capital, Brasilia, rank among the world's impressive monuments to poverty. "Child of the Dark" is Carolina Maria de Jesus's designation for Caninde, a shanty town of São Paulo in which she lived for fifteen years.

Brazil's *favelas* are inhabited by people who cannot afford to live in slums. Like our own substandard housing, the dwellings in a *favela* are dirty, overcrowded, and ugly. Whole families cook, eat, sleep, make or watch love in a single room shared by rats, lice, bedbugs, and roaches. But there are certain amenities found in the slums of New York or Chicago that *favelas* lack. Water, for example, is available only at the head of a long line at a faraway spout. To wash clothes, Carolina had to go to a river that is infested with liver flukes. Between the shacks there is mud, enriched daily by human excrement, for want of toilets or sewers. And the *favela* stinks—stinks so badly that a shift in the wind can promote a general exodus from the gardens and terraces of the nearer middle-class neighborhoods.

Carolina moved into the *favela* when she lost her job as a domestic because she had been made pregnant by her employer. She built her shack herself, learning over the years how to stay alive by collecting papers, tin cans, and garbage scraps. She came to resemble her neighbors in her daily Pyrrhic victory over hunger, in her ragged clothes, and her *favela* smell, which went with her on her hunting and gathering expeditions into the respectable neighborhoods. But Carolina never became a typical shanty town resident. Somehow, despite only two years of schooling, despite the scorn of the neighbors, and a chronic state of physical exhaustion produced by trudging around with sixty or seventy pounds of trash on her head, Carolina developed an indomitable lust for authorship. Apparently, she wrote at every available moment—stories, novels, poems, and the diary of which "Child of the Dark" has been fashioned. Her output was limited only by the quantity of usable paper that she could recover from the garbage on her route. Writing, she sublimated her hatred for the *favela*, forgot her hunger, sustained her love of life, for, in her own words, "When I was writing I was in a golden palace, with crystal windows and silver chandeliers."

She tried to sell her stories, but no one wanted them. Then one day in 1958 Audalio Dantas, a Brazilian reporter, heard Carolina threaten a group of rowdies. If they didn't let the children use the swings, she was going to put their names in a book. The reporter asked to see what she had written. He promptly discarded the novels and stories, but realized that the diary was, if nothing else, a salable commodity. It was Dantas who performed the critical task of editing the twenty-six notebooks that Carolina had filled. Published first in the popular Brazilian magazine, *O Cruzeiro*, and later under the title *"Quarto de Despejo,"* Carolina's diary became a best-seller in Brazil. Carolina herself made money and quickly exchanged her shack for a lush suite in Copacabana.

In the English translation, Carolina's diary provides a unique trash-level view of Brazil's lumpen-proletariat, but the picture that emerges is not wholly satisfactory either as a literary or sociological document. Someone has been holding back, whether Dantas or Carolina, we shall not know until the notebooks are made public in entirety. The struggle for food comes across vividly, but there are whole sectors of life that are glossed over with prudish clichés. About Carolina's lovers we learn next to nothing. The individual personalities of her neighbors never emerge from amid the constant round of brawls, drinking, and gossip. Her children get beaten by somebody almost every time she leaves them alone in the shack merely because the people around her are depraved. Carolina herself remains a ghostly figure; aloof, inexplicably disliked; only her hunger is poignant.

I find fault with Carolina's diary at the obvious risk of seeming callous. Among at least two million Brazilians who are living in *favelas*, she alone has tried to tell us what it is like. Yet

(*Continued on page* 51)

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Cuba

TO PRETEND that Cuba is not a danger because it is microscopic in size and power alongside the United States is like saying that a tiny virus can't possibly do any harm. Cuba is a serious problem because it could become the focal point of a massive infection in the Western Hemisphere.

Similarly, there is no point in pretending that the Cuban ties to the Soviet Union are of no particular consequence. Increasingly and systematically, the Soviet Union is moving its experts into key posts in the political, economic, and military agencies of the Cuban government. Each Castro failure on the home front leads to a further expansion of Soviet personnel.

Confronted by these facts, a clamor has gone up in the United States for immediate military action against Cuba. Behind this clamor is the feeling that the longer we wait the more difficult it will be to deal with the ultimate threat. Yet there is a monstrous fallacy at work here. For the only thing more dangerous than the present Cuban situation is the irresponsible way now being proposed to deal with it. The easiest way to spread the Cuban infection throughout Latin America is for the United States to force the issue with direct military action. The first gun to go off against Cuba would touch off anti-U.S. explosions throughout the Western Hemisphere and beyond. Having a hostile nation just off our shores is bad enough; infinitely worse is generating hostility throughout the world.

Ignoring or discounting the effect on other peoples of an attack on Cuba is perhaps characteristic of those who feel that the shortest distance between two points is a bullet's line of flight. We can't brush off the effect on other peoples by saying it is none of their business. The use of force in any situation today *is* the business of all peoples, especially in a nuclear age where force can billow out so uncontrollably. And what about the position of the United States in the United Nations? Is it totally irrelevant to point out what would happen if the U.S. should be shorn of its stature and influence?

And what about the U.N. itself? How do we go about strengthening the U.N. so that it can act as a brake against the impetuous use of force if the U.S. itself turns to force when it thinks it sees a clear advantage in doing so?

For years the Soviet Union has attempted to hobble the United Nations. It has done everything it can to block the development of the United Nations into a prime source for genuine world stability and economic development. A strong U.N. can hit at those conditions of unrest, tension, and deprivation which are so essential in Marxist theory. The persistent attempt of the Soviet Union to impose a three-man Secretariat is a specific example of the Soviet desire to enfeeble the U.N. But nothing will bring about the weakening of the U.N. more swiftly than to have the United States run directly counter to the central purpose for which the United Nations was founded.

What is most astounding about the present panic in the United States over Cuba is that this reaction could not better serve the Soviet purpose if it had actually been designed in Moscow. For what is it that the Kremlin seeks to accomplish? To repeat, it would like to see the United Nations minimized or sidetracked. It would like to see the Alliance for Progress cracked wide open. It would like to see a quarter-century of fence-mending efforts by the United States in Latin America break into a thousand splinters. It would like to hang the imperialist label, so repugnant to so many people, around the neck of the United States. It would like to see the United States deprived of whatever historic or moral stature it may enjoy in the world.

All this is involved today in U.S. policy in Cuba.

Much is said about un-Americanism these days. Irresponsible talk about direct military action is un-American. The contempt for moral issues and for the moral standing of the United States in the world is un-American. The disregard of the historic position of the United States is un-American. The notion that we should shoot first and think afterward is un-American. The idea that we should not give a fig about what others think is un-American.

In 1956, when Great Britain and France found it advantageous to at-

(*Continued on page* 54)

Coin From B.C.

By Nicholas Flokos

THE silver tetradrachm of King Antigonos
Will outlast us all, of course.
Oxidation and abrasion
Will do us in, as we expect,
Being usable coin.
Only the tales we hear and tell will last
As the silver tetradrachm of King Antigonos
Which goes unspent at the market
Though it could buy most anything.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ART IN AMERICA

I READ YOUR ARTICLE "Art in America" [*SR*, Sept. 8]. It is a pleasure to read about art in words that are lucid and precise. So much of the current criticism is just so much nonsense.

I hope that some time in the future you will publish something about the purpose and function of an art museum. It occurs to me that the museums are returning to an earlier idea, that of being giant safe deposits for art and money, and have lost vitality.

ZALMAN Y. ALPER.

Chicago, Ill.

. . . I GATHERED that Katharine Kuh believes a museum director must be a first-rate art historian. I agree. I also received the impression that his administrative ability was of little consequence. Why should it not be demanded that he possess both?

. . . The chief executive of any institution . . . cannot be a specialist by the very definition of his office. He deals in his specified body of knowledge, which is primarily scholarly; but he also deals in administration, which is primarily manipulative; and he deals in complicated human relationships, which demands perception.

CHARLES C. MARK,
Executive Director,
The Spirit of St. Louis Fund.

St. Louis, Mo.

. . . BEYOND A DOUBT, the current article is a hint that the art world better come around and clarify many of its panic-buttoned vogues. . . .

JOHN C. LORENCE, JR.

Milwaukee, Wis.

I APPRECIATE Katharine Kuh's article. . . . I cannot agree with her remarks on the younger artists, but that's what makes horse racing.

PHILIP JOHNSON.

New York, N.Y.

THERE WAS A TIME when most young ladies took water color and piano lessons for the edification of their families and friends. Today the piano lessons have fallen off but the private art classes are booming . . . and all one needs to become a full-fledged artist is a set of paints and plenty of enthusiasm.

CHARLOTTE MALSBARY.

Charlottesville, Va.

KATHARINE KUH'S charge that Lichtenstein's comic strip paintings are "usually devoid of invention," and "literally reproduce and enlarge familiar comic strip scenes," does not mention the truly original and very satiric effect which takes place when a four-inch panel is enlarged to a seven-foot canvas. Certainly, this effect is inventive.

GEORGE MCDADE.

Terre Haute, Ind.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"It's not *supposed* to be useful—it's a work of art."

IT WOULD BE HARD to name any significant aspect of Art in America in 1962 that Katharine Kuh did not touch upon, and illuminate with wit, clarity, and plain good sense in her article.

The reproductions would do credit to the most painstaking art book, and the entire presentation should stand as one of the important documents of this country at midcentury.

GEORGE MCCUE,
Art Editor,
St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

St. Louis, Mo.

WHILE YOU COVERED many phases of the current art situation, I was very interested in your analysis of art directors, trustees, gobbledygook art language, and the undue press given to art values.

I had not seen "Art Market Guide and Forecaster," but did read this past winter Richard Rush's book on "Art as an Investment." Although some of the facts may be true, I deplore the emphasis that is being put on money instead of aesthetics, and I certainly hope that your dissertation gets wide publicity.

SIGMUND W. KUNSTADTER.

Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN MYTHS

THAT WAS A VERY FINE PIECE on American Myths by Malcolm Cowley [*SR*, Sept. 1]. I have one or two others for his collection: (1) The mythology has it that "ugh!" should be pronounced as if it were "ugg!"—contrary to common sense and the dictionary. (2) Jiggs-and-Maggie-wise (ugh!), the American wife continually threatens her husband with a rolling pin and/or crockery and refers to him as "You worm!" (3) The American male has to beg for a night out, and must invariably come sneaking in, shoes in hand. (4) A female school teacher has stringy hair, no bosom, dowdy clothes, and high shoes.

. . . I am a male school teacher—and you should see some of my colleagues. Wow, not ugh!

ALLAN GOWER.

St. Paul, Minn.

FICTION, POLITICS, AND ERRORS

IN REVIEWING MY NOVEL, "Noon on the Third Day" [*SR*, Sept. 8], Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., states that "only an interplay between private conscience and public standard redeems fiction set in public life." I don't acknowledge that this is the *only* subject for a novel set in public life, but such a conflict is, of course, one of the central points of my novel. In fact, Mr. Yoder seems to admit this when he says, "We are convinced by the story line that Senator John Burnett, an appealing old liberal from Missouri, might well have found it agonizing to discover public interest in the narrow strait between a 'punish labor' lobby and an equally uncritical union lobby."

Mr. Yoder is also disappointed because I did not develop a theme which interests him: "Must a liberal believe in the essential goodness of man?" He answers his own question—"Who needs conclusions about the nature of man in order to campaign for the Senate?" In the hectic hubbub of a political campaign my observation is that such ideas, however interesting, are not given prolonged consideration. I accuse Mr. Yoder here of committing the classic reviewer's sin—reviewing the book he wishes I had written instead of the one I did write.

For the three grammatical errors Mr. Yoder cites, I apologize. They just got by half a dozen literate people, of whom I am the least literate, I am sure. Errors do occur despite our efforts. Mr. Yoder, for example, misquotes the title twice—and that even got by the usually meticulous *Saturday Review* editors.

JAMES HULBERT.

Washington, D.C.

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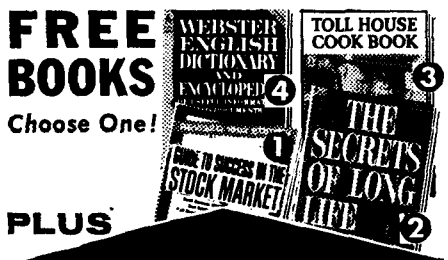
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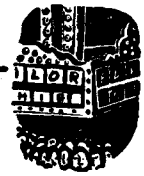

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Total Recal

FOR ALL its many faults, Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical **"Long Day's Journey into Night"** made memorable theatre. Through three stolid, talkative, repetitive acts, the play slowly generated a charge of electricity that, in the fourth act, crackled all over the stage like chain lightning. Each new encounter of the tortured, loving, hating Tyrones bit deeper into the nerves, hearts, and minds of the audience; and suddenly it became clear that the overwhelming effectiveness of this shattering finale lay in the slow accretion of detail in those lumbering preliminary acts. One has to know as much, and care as much, about the Tyrones as they do themselves to participate in their anguish, to be wrenched by their tragedy. O'Neill, intent upon total revelation, prepared the way by peeling off layer after layer of each of his characters until, as midnight settled about the ugly house, they were raw, bleeding, and ready for the final plunge into the abyss.

Obviously, this is unlikely stuff for the movies, in which it is preferable, in Herbert Gold's phrase, to have "happy people with happy problems." Even more obviously, movie audiences —and American movie audiences particularly—are rarely willing to accept a gradual unfolding and involvement. They want to be grabbed, then hustled through their hero's predicaments. None of this happens in "Long Day's Journey." Both the O'Neill play and the O'Neill method have been preserved, line by line and scene by scene. Ely Landau, who originated the Play of the Week series for television, has produced it with the same sense of dedicated integrity. He assembled a truly extraordinary cast (all of whom worked for minimum pay), and then hewed to the original play with a fidelity both praiseworthy and self-defeating.

Films have a tendency to telescope. They can tell a great deal in relatively little time; the eye drinks in more detail; the ear listens more acutely at a movie than at a play. (After all, both sights and sounds are magnified a hundredfold by the camera and the microphone, while the screen sharply delimits the playing area, and the sound recordist has eliminated all but the essential voice-and-effects tracks.) But O'Neill's technique, with its repeated lines and recapitulated situations, is the very antithesis of this. As a result, the early acts, sluggish enough on the stage, are often unbearably turgid on film—a situation hardly enhanced by Sidney Lumet's direction of the camera, in which brilliant flashes alternate with shots that are awkwardly composed and clumsily put together.

Where Lumet excels, however, is in the handling of his cast. Katharine Hepburn caps her distinguished career in the role of the pitiful, dope-addicted mother, groping back to the past for dimly remembered moments of happiness. Her transformations are extraordinary as, in recollection, she suffuses her tense and aging face with a coquettish youthfulness or, in the larger pattern of the play, changes from a nervous, ailing, but loving mother into a half-demented harridan. Her final scene, which contains some of O'Neill's most beautiful writing, is in every way masterful (including Lumet's daring cut from a long pull-back to a huge close-up).

No less impressive is Jason Robards, Jr., as the dissipated, ironic elder son, perhaps the most complex of all the Tyrones. With his magnificient voice and lean, lived-in face, he immediately becomes the film's most winning character—until he turns Jamie inside out to reveal the rottenness beneath the charm. Ralph Richardson, the senior Tyrone, and Dean Stockwell as young Edmund (the youthful O'Neill himself), seem to do most of the listening, though each has moments of eloquence.

What is most extraordinary about "Lon Day's Journey" is the way it builds. Shot in progression, the actors come to the peak of their powers just as the play rises to its climax. Together, they provide a final half-hour of sustained intensity the like of which has seldom been seen on the screen. This may not be justification enough for an approach that pointedly ignores the potentialities of the film medium, but no one who has ever demanded serious, mature entertainment on the screen can afford to miss it.

Since movies, even today, are essentially a mass medium, the chances are that Irving Wallace's **"The Chapman Report"** will attract a far wider audience than O'Neill's "Journey." Quite apart from its well-publicized source, it has a bevy of beautiful dames —Claire Bloom, Jane Fonda, Glynis Johns, and Shelley Winters—all acting their pretty heads off in a vain effort to conceal the triteness of the situations each finds herself in. The Knight Report: *Caveat emptor.*

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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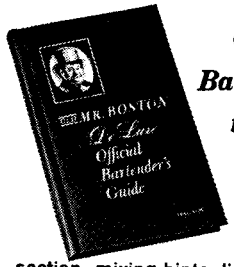

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Coming October 20th

THE AMERICAN WEST

Saturday Review's Big Fall Travel Issue

Edited by Horace Sutton

On the first anniversary of the U. S. Government's "Visit the U.S.A." travel development program and on the occasion of the first venture of the American Society of Travel Agents into Las Vegas and environs, *Saturday Review*'s writers will take a look at an area of legend, folklore, scenery, and wide-open living—The West—that arouses the curiosity and excites the interest of travelers all over the globe.

WIN A TRIP —
TO LONDON
OR TO TOKYO

Saturday Review* readers may now enter SR's tenth annual World Travel Photo Contest. Deadline for entries: October 15, 1962. *For detail, write to Photo Awards Dept., Saturday Review.

Look Both Ways with Anger

IN FORM, Ronald Millar's **"The Affair"** (taken from C. P. Snow's 1960 novel) seems suspense melodrama of a familiar type. A Senior Court of Cambridge University dons discovers overwhelming evidence that a young Fellow on the university staff has, in the thesis which had originally gained him his post, perpetrated a fraud. After a painstaking trial, he is found guilty and discharged. Only his wife continues to maintain his innocence, but her efforts to persuade a distinguished lawyer to take her husband's case are unavailing. Suddenly a new piece of evidence is turned up, and the lawyer and an honest minority stage an uphill fight to reinstate the victim and, as in "Advise and Consent," demonstrate that institutions when tested usually behave more honorably than do their individual members.

If "The Affair" were to be evaluated simply by the theatrical effectiveness with which it pursues this proven formula, one would have to call it a modest success. For while the crime is not remarkably ingenious—and is deliberately left unsolved—there are numerous nice twists along the way which hedge the proceedings against boredom. For example, victim Donald Howard, Ph. D., is drawn not as a brilliant scientist whose unorthodoxy has made him persecuted by his inferiors, but as a slovenly ill-mannered Communist with no extraordinary talent that might redeem him. Mrs. Howard, too, turns out to be not the conventionally sympathetic helpmeet, but a ruthless woman who feels justified in using any weapon in order to win out against an unjustly ordered England.

There are other provocative surprises, such as the irony that a Roman Catholic happens to be the one who uncovers and refuses to ignore a piece of new evidence which his reactionary senior colleague regards as unimportant. But the most entertaining item is that of a comically senile old don's unexpectedly joining the minority out of petty anger. Then, just as we are about to dismiss this doddering fool as a purely comic device, he surprises us again by revealing that a feebler mind that does its homework can be more effective than younger minds that don't, and by showing more wisdom and self-knowledge than some of those who laugh at him. It is a showy role and is played for all its worth by the brilliant young character actor Edward Atienza.

Reasonably convincing, too, is Brewster Mason as the astute and distinguished lawyer, who is not too astute to be aware that, although "there's great dignity in being a spectator, if you do it for long enough you're dead inside." However, most of the other characters are more difficult, for the playwright is continually asking them to show whatever facet he may require at a particular moment in a story told as a series of moments. As the embattled Howards, Keith Baxter and Brenda Vaccaro have the toughest assignments. Mr. Baxter is fine when he is talking strong and is telling the austere court that he "can see this university going on long after the system you're all trying to prop up is sunk without trace, except for a few jeers in the history books," or when at the end he is feeling a compassionate gratitude toward men who have risked a great deal to see a little justice done. But in the scene which attempts to reveal the two characters' political attitudes and their personal relationship with each other, something complex tends to be reduced into a less interesting strength-weakness situation.

This is unfortunate, for this scene, which shows how the Communist vs. Establishment fight affects individuals differently and prepares us for the lawyer's final speech to the uncompromising Mrs. Howard as he wearily tells her, "Yes, you can fight to the death. Lord knows there are fools enough on the other side ready and waiting to fight you back. And what happens to the rest of us, caught in the cross-fire of your total madness? Christ, isn't there somewhere a solitary sentient human being humble enough and clear enough to stand up and say 'in the name of sanity, let's *stop!*' "

While such words seem not to have been provoked entirely out of a drama which has chosen to make this fight simply an overtone, they do seem to emerge from the genuine anger of men who try to exercise golden-rule decency for what appear to be pitifully small improvements in a society unable even to pretend that an absolute earthly justice is attainable. Certainly "The Affair" is smaller and less genuine than its overtones, but perhaps this is a price mass audiences will pay for getting both complexity and conventional entertainment at the same time.

—HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

TV Etiquette Across the Borders

FEW PEOPLE—and certainly not television broadcasters—doubt the importance of the TV medium as a social force on a world-wide scale. Yet, when WNDT (Channel 13), New York City's new and much-harassed educational television station, presented on its recent première a BBC documentary treatment of television in nations around the globe, the television networks were reported to be "fighting mad." *Variety,* the show-business weekly, said that a top network spokesman called the presentation of the ninety-minute program one of the shabbiest tricks he had witnessed in his whole career in broadcasting . . . a stab in the back.

The film, a work of Richard Cawston, producer of major BBC documentaries, made an absorbing and informative program. Cawston had traveled twice around the world to make it (once to prepare and again to shoot), and the care and imagination that went into it were evident. In Italy, Egypt, Thailand, Japan, the U.S., Brazil, Russia, Poland, and Nigeria—he saw the irresistible sweep of the television set through metropolis, rice paddy, and village. Families in the postures of assorted cultures were shown staring with screen-lit eyes at flickering electronic images. Elderly Italian peasants, achieving laborious scrawls as they learned to write by watching a television teacher, made a memorable, lyric moment.

The pattern of shots used for the parade of television nations was repetitious, and one missed hearing world viewers speak their impressions of what they watched. Nevertheless, the sweep of the program across oceans, and the first-hand evidence it provided of television's intimate power over people of all races, was a fine achievement.

What, then, was its crime in the eyes of the network chieftains? The charge is that the program was slanted. In the struggle between the public-service BBC and the commercial American broadcasters for world audiences, Cawston's documentary allegedly loaded the case in the home team's favor. Overseas, the program said, cheap reruns of American TV films, predominantly shoot-em-ups, constituted major portions of foreign schedules. In the United States, it said, our television is advertiser dominated; only the sell counts. However, it also paid tribute to our public affairs shows. Many of them, it said, were "superb."

Was this documentary a deliberate thrust at a competitive system, or was it just the way the conditioned eye of the British producer naturally saw it? In either case, WNDT's showing of the film on its opening night did not warrant the industry attack. The argument runs that the networks have contributed $1,500,000 toward launching educational TV in New York City, and that exposure of the BBC film was hardly a gracious act in return. Is the presumption, then, that the networks gave the money with strings attached? Where is the precious concept of editorial freedom from inhibition or censorship—so dear to the commercial broadcasters themselves?

The question here is not one of friendly restraint; it is, simply, does the job need doing? Isn't it time American viewers had a glimpse of television around the world? The BBC was the first to take on the task; and the British are entitled to their biases, their viewpoint, and their formula of balance, within the overall context of a fair shake—an end always difficult to achieve, even with the best of intentions.

The larger issue is: what constitutes good communication manners among nations in the age of world-wide television? What is the meaning of Telstar and its promise of international program exchange? Is communication to be limited to poster scenes of art museums and boulevards? If television aspires to the stature of its elder media, it must do what print has done: cross national borders with fair but significant criticism. It ought not to cry foul the moment the level of international exchange is raised above that of the market place.

Finally—why not do it ourselves? Let's make a program about world television as we see it. The American broadcasters have a case to make for their system and its values—and they have the talent and the money with which to make it as effectively as it can be made. Where have we been—the leading exporter of the television product to the whole world? Let's get out and say what we have to say as boldly as we can, within our own cultural biases, and enjoy the conflict of ideas across international frontiers. The Telstar age is more than a new space for business. It is a challenge to grow up.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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A Castello in Rome

WITH a little co-operation from the airlines, I now find it is altogether possible to embark on a night flight to Europe without really finding oneself a basket case on arrival. The answer is, I guess, to find a line that understands the difference between serving a good dinner and performing an epicurean endurance contest. I must say there is nothing that makes me want to push the ejector button more than those cabin attendants who keep you strapped to the chair while they dispense a banquet that would have sent Lucullus to the medicine chest even had he had the chance to get up and run around the forum during courses.

The other Sunday night, when Idlewild was a summer frenzy, I picked my way through the crowds—heavens, when will they separate the sightseers from the passengers out there?—and climbed into the dark-paneled salon of Alitalia's forward jet cabin. Paintings hung everywhere, all of them attached, securely enough, to the bulkheads, all of them the work of Italian artists, and all of them, I was surprised to know, for sale. Each jet airship flying the Italian flag across the seas is decorated, a notice informed me, with no less than $30,000 worth of oils, water colors, and collages, only a fraction of which, the purser and I decided in a frank moment *à deux,* either of us pretended to understand.

I confess that I felt as if I were in somebody's drawing room, which, as the turbines lifted us above the flats of Queens, seemed somehow to have slipped its moorings and was now headed toward the clouds. The appearance of a Mont Blanc of Iranian caviar, which on the open market would have fetched no lesser sum than all the art on board, was as much of a tonic to the psyche as the vodka that accompanied it. Despite the extravagance of the overture, the courses were trotted out in rapid order, and when the last crumb had been dusted, I found myself with better than five hours in which to sleep. The course as the captain announced it, took us out over Nantucket, past Halifax and Sydney. We would leave Canada at the edge of Newfoundland, take four hours to span the open water, and make a landfall over Cognac on the east coast of France, about as felicitous a touch as any navigator in my time in the sky has come up with.

A cut-out crescent of a moon hung over St. John's in Newfoundland as I swallowed a knock-out drop, pulled the screen at the window, and unfolded the eye mask the stewardess handed me. Alitalia had gone to Japan to have the eye shades made, and before the barbiturates felled me there was time to read the folder printed in English by the Toyosha slumber people in far-off Tokyo. It said:

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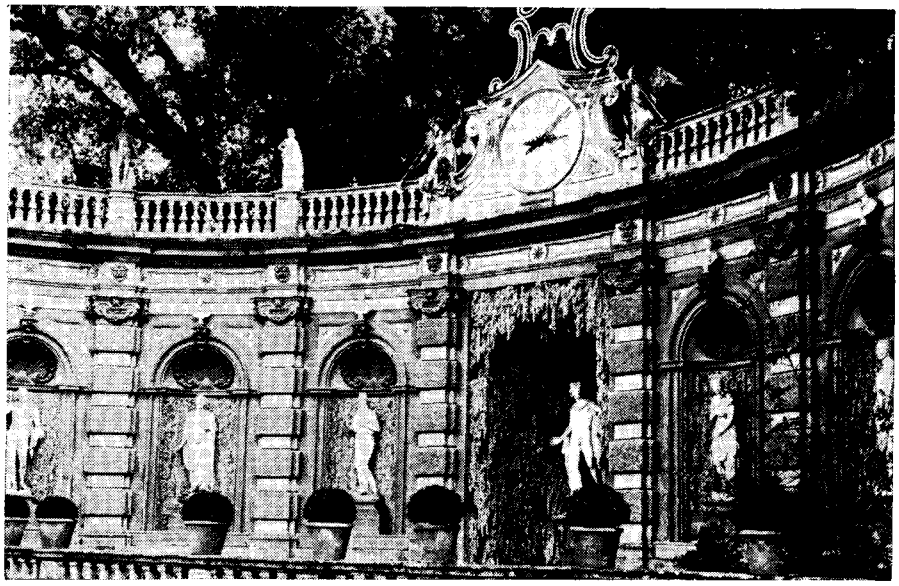
Domiciled as I am in a high concrete apartment, I was eager to work out number six, but the pill did me in, and I never knew another thing until I shook myself awake barely fifteen minutes out of Rome. Now that they've made the planes so fast, the least the medicine people can do is produce a smaller pill.

I checked into the Excelsior, which was in the midst of its late-summer tourist pains, but was no less soigné and unruffled than usual. Although night jet flights to Europe have with frequency sent me to bed around the clock, I must say I felt unusually vertical after this one, and for openers I descended to Doney's for coffee. From there it only meant crossing the street to the Café de Paris to have lunch with Mike Stern, the colorful reporter who came to Rome as a corresponde with the advance American troops an has stayed on to become a combination impressario, entrepreneur, and journalist. Seated outside and dabbing at cold fish in olive oil and an iced Orvieto, we popped up and down to greet a parade of actors, directors, sunkissed playboys, and bosomy starlets in bright slacks. The Café de Paris gets the cinema set while Doney's, it's said, gets everyone else.

I'd be hard put to tell what the uniform for ladies is in summer—in winter they wear suits, pearls, no lipstick, and umbrellas—but the costume for a young Romano adrift on the via Veneto during the warm weather is a plain shirt unbuttoned to the navel, white trousers worn beltless, and sandals worn sockless. I was pleased to see that Signor Stern had not succumbed to this sartorial frivolity, and when I left him at a table at the Café he was cool and unperturbed in a silk suit arranging for a visit to Carlo Ponti, the gentleman who either is or isn't married to Sophia Loren depending upon which church you visit.

Rome is growing so rapidly, both residentially and industrially, that it spilling out across the umbrella-pi plains and up into the celebrated Alban hills. There are some visionaries who think that the Alban hills, or the *Castelli Romani,* as its ancient towns



TO THE HILLS: Rome is moving back toward the *Castelli Romani* where the seventeenth-century princes had their summer villas. This is the Apollo Fountain at Frascati's Villa Lancellotti.

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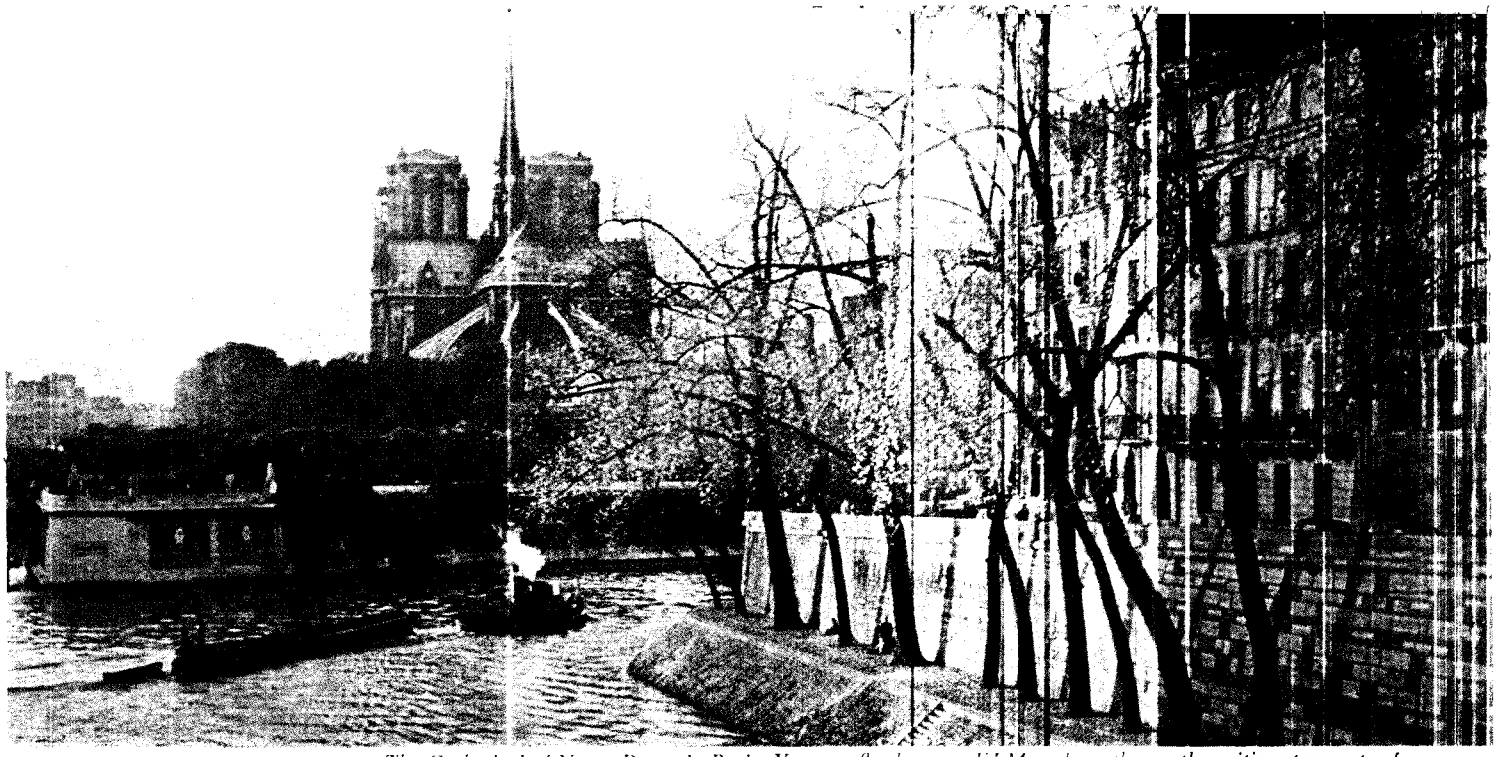

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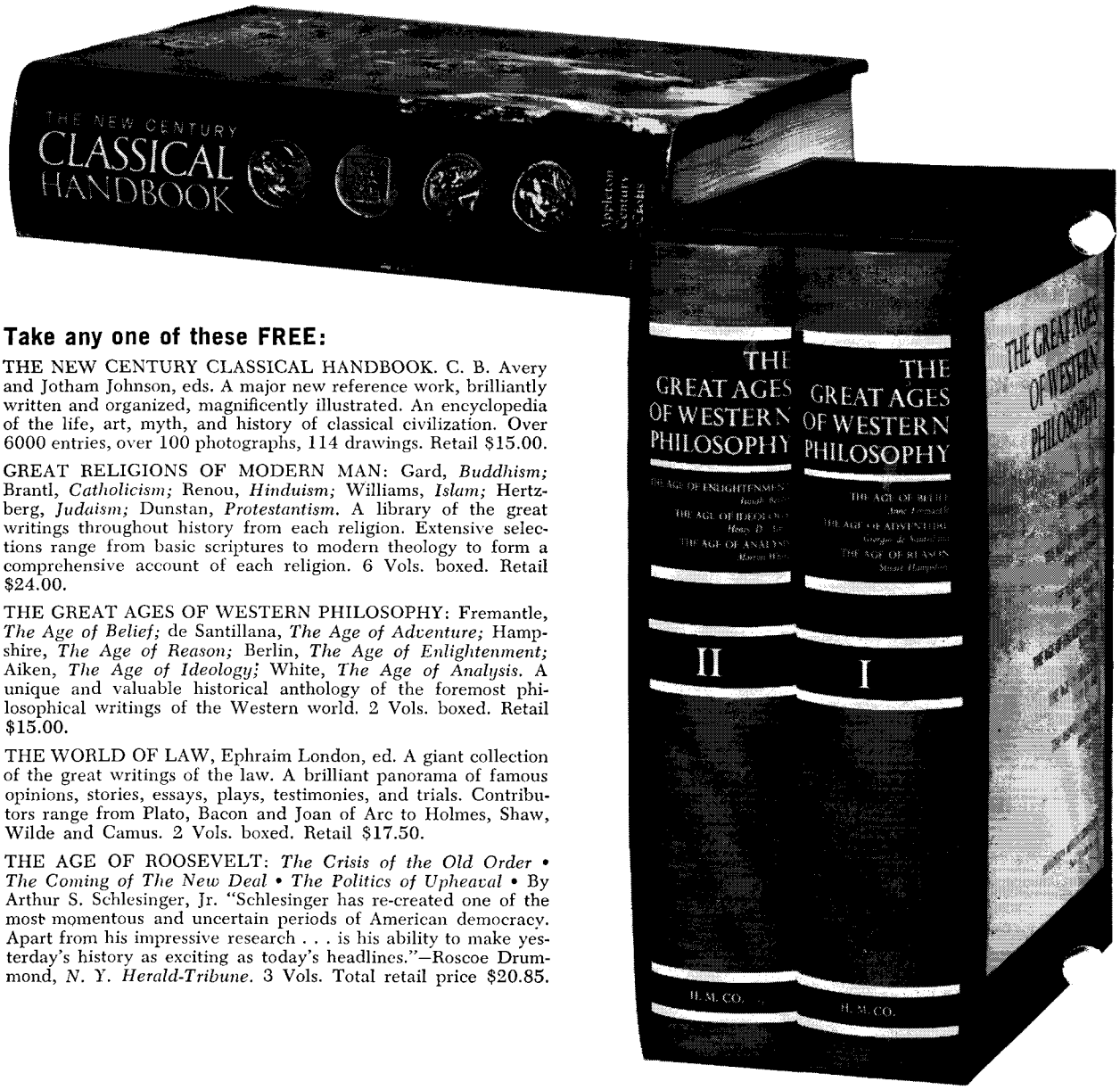

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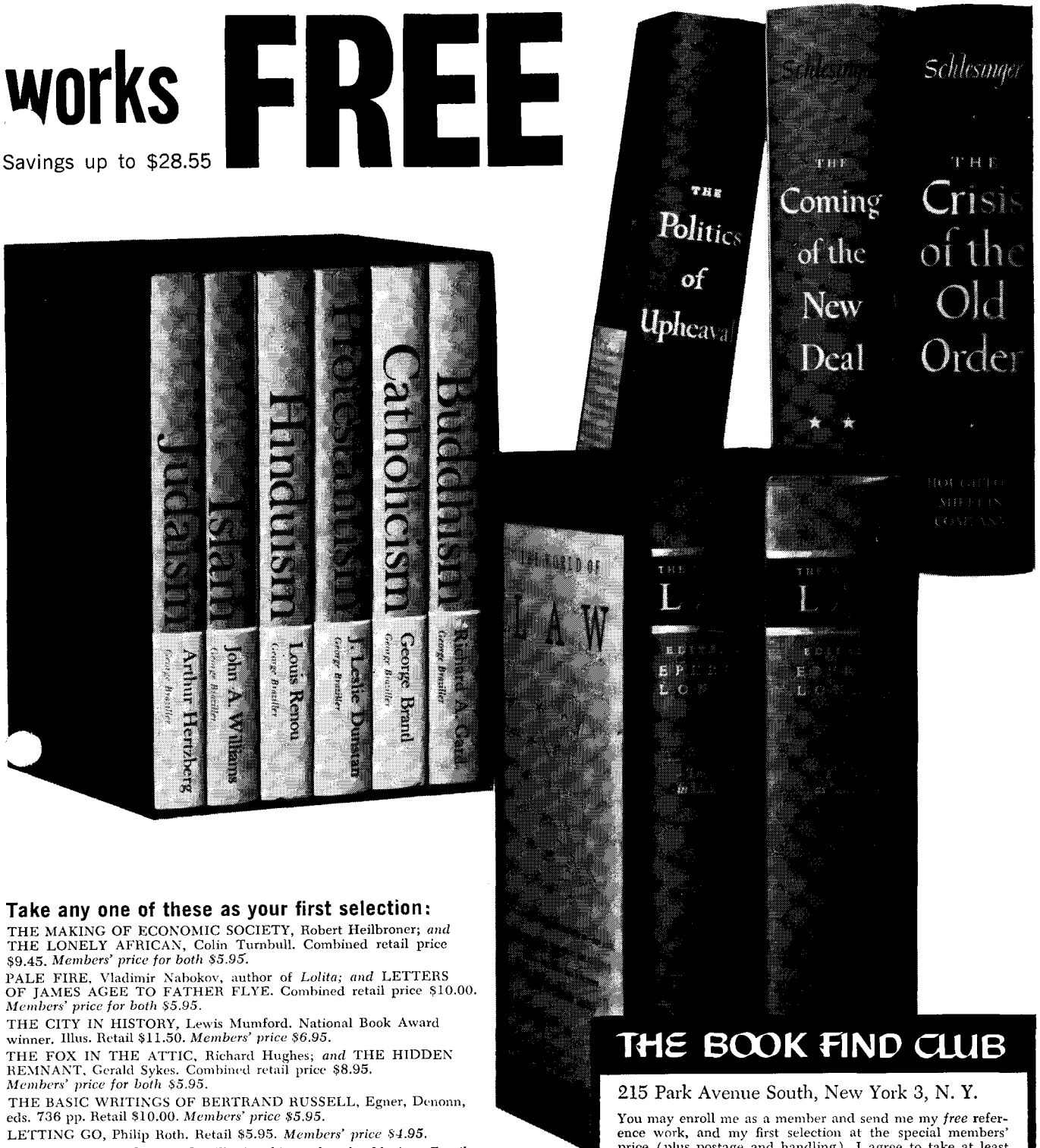

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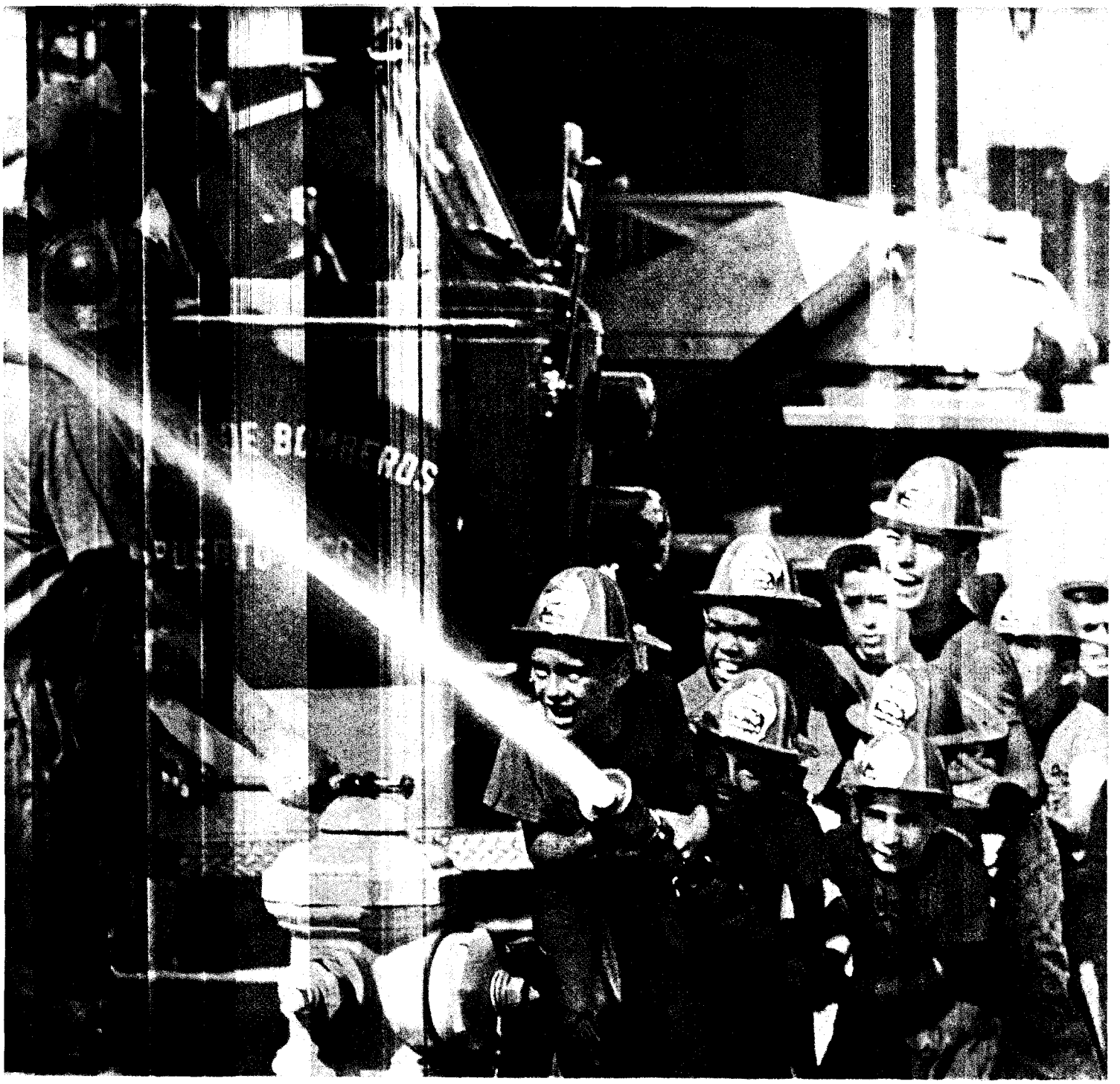

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are called, will become the new residential section of Rome. It would be a strange development, for it was these cool reaches that provided a summer refuge for the ancient Romans whose ruins remain on the hills and for the princes and the popes who came in the Middle Ages and still own stupendous villas. Now the *haut* cinema *monde* has found the *Castelli,* too. Loren is quartered in a seventeenth-century house on a large estate near the ancient town of Marino, but a new and more elaborate abode for her and Ponti is edging toward completion on the property. Looking down on her place is the new Elio Cabala, a sunshine resort which at the moment provides a lunch, swimming, and dancing after dark. The pool, decorated as it always seems to be, with a chorus of bikini beauties on temporary leave from Cinecitta, the local movie works, provides one of the most striking backgrounds in all pooldom: the hilltop town of Marino which has been baking there in the Roman sun since Sulla marched on Rome in 88 B.C.

IN ALL that time Marino never got around to building a hotel of its own, but the management of Elio Cabala, which is in effect a branch of the Hostaria dell'Orso and the Cabala in Rome, is working on one now and it will be ready for next season. High on a hill above Elio Cabala, it will have another pool, another restaurant, and around that agreeable core, a circle of cottages nuzzling each other like the gray Mediterranean houses in St. Paul de Vence. The view when the day is right is nothing short of stupendous, sweeping off to Anzio, the scene of the U.S. Army's tenuous toehold back in the wartime Forties, to the ships adrift in the sun-dappled Mediterranean, to the shining glassworks of Fiumicino Airport, to the Palazzo Papale at Castelgandolfo, the Pope's Alban summer residence, and then to Rome itself clear to St. Peter's dome.

Marino is the nearest to Rome of all the *Castelli,* and the fourteen miles, should one have the fortitude and the time, can be traversed by streetcar, a circumstance no longer possible if one is going to Frascati. Vespas bounce over the cobbled streets in Marino where the villagers set up their card tables, and when the weather is warm one can always descend into the shade of a wine cellar where the equivalent of eleven cents will buy three water glasses of Marino's white wine. Some wine, the Marinesi say, is spirited off to Frascati to be sold under *its* label, but any bottle marked Goccia d'Oro, or drop of gold, is pure Marino vintage.

When the new grapes are ready each fall the vats are cleaned, the citizens put on their Sunday clothes, grapes are hung from every archway and window, and the fountains are rigged to gush wine. Old carts trundle over the cobbles, foreigners are given a bottle of wine and a bunch of grapes, and anyone who can master Roman dialect sings the Marino grape song, Nanni: *"The perfume of strawberries/You'll find only in Nemi/Look at Frascati, all wreathed there in smiles/Come over and have a good time, Nanni, Nanni."*

The strawberries of Nemi, a village which hangs on an abutment over a lake-filled crater, are about as famous as the peaches of Castelgandolfo, whose other fame is its popes. The peaches of Castelgandolfo, like fuzz-covered cannon balls, were displayed in boxes by the side of the road the day I rolled by, and the Pope was installed in his villa, which was begun by Urban VIII in 1624, twenty years after Castelgandolfo, then a free duchy, had become the property of the Holy See. Pope Alexander VII is said to have sailed his speedy brigantine on Lake Albano, another water-filled crater, and Clement XI fished there on idle summer days. More recently its placid, wind-screened surface was the course for the rowing events in the 1960 summer Olympics.

Peachy Castelgandolfo is fettered with cheap tourist goods, but the strawberry preserve of Nemi is a charming little town with tables spread on the cobbled square, and the streets, too narrow for a car, are filled with stone stairways. Since 1816 visitors have been dining at the Specchio di Diana, where the open terrace looks off to an unparalleled view down the hillside carpeted with strawberry plants and flowers, and across the lake of Nemi, also called Specchio di Diana (Diana's looking glass), I suspect by the town's romanticists, to Genzano on the far side. Genzano got its start in 1235 when the monks of St. Anastasius built a castle there, but its fame derives from the Infiorata, the carpet of flower petals which is spread along the via Livia each Corpus Christi Day clear to the Church of Santa Maria della Cima. At the sound of the vesper bell the Corpus Christi procession marches over the carpet of flowers, about as transient a piece of broadloom as it is made these days.

Grottaferrata is best known among the Cinecitta set because it harbors an elegant country villa where, it is darkly rumored, Roman swains and their enamoratas occasionally dawdle over long lunches. In Rome the offices don't open for the afternoon session until four o'clock, and a man might not return to his legal abode until eight o'clock without incurring spousal scorn. At any rate the place is called Villa Fiorio, and it is an establishment dripping with an amalgam of Hollywood and old Roman richness. The furniture is antique, terraces hang from the rooms, the dining room chairs are swathed in velvet, and the pink tables around the pool are shaded by straw umbrellas and the nearby olive trees. It gets a simple clientele really, counting among its clients the usual clutch of Saudis, Susan Hayward, Sinatra, Sukarno, Farouk, and Elizabeth Taylor, the girl who did so much for the American image during her recent encampment in the Roman suburbs.

It's only a short walk from Grottaferrata down to Frascati, perhaps the biggest and best known of all the *Castelli.* Lying athwart the via Tuscolana only fifteen miles from the city, it revels in its ruins and the title, the Versailles of Rome, which it has hung on itself. Frascati is perhaps not as colorful as it used to be, which is to say, about as quaint as Marino or Nemi appear now. It was an early discovery of the Roman princes, who built their summer palaces here, and in ensuing centuries it attracted the travelers who came to gaze on their fancy works of artful stone. There are six villas still on view in Frascati, most of them of the sixteenth and fifteenth centuries when the place was a distant summer retreat. Mondragone, built by the Boncompagni family, is a tidy little place of 365 windows, and the Villa Aldobrandini, still inhabited by a prince of the line, sits on its 1,000-foot-high hillock looking down a trimmed border of oak trees to the dome of St. Peter's with which it was lined up. At the front entrance water filters down spiral columns to feed the Atlas figure which sprays water, and there is a formal hydrangea garden alongside the house where one can sit under the sycamores and look over the oleanders to a Bernini fountain and beyond it to the Roman plain. Horse carriages still clop around the streets of Frascati, the wine—whether it comes from Frascati's own vineyards or Marino's I wouldn't know—is young, dry, and famed, and there is a hotel being built in the old Villa Torlonia which was bombed in 1943. No one has any idea when it will be finished and I got the distinct impression that no one, including the present Duke of Torlonia, who owns it, was in much of a hurry.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

D (ebut) Day for Lincoln Center—"Ballet School"

VIRTUALLY every phase of contemporary life—social, financial, political, even musical—was represented at the opening of Philharmonic Hall, which transformed the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts from a vision to reality. An audience that paid over $100,000 for the privilege of being present, a sponsor who contributed even more for the TV time, and notables ranging downward from Mrs. John F. Kennedy, Dean Rusk, and U Thant competed for attention with the main event of the evening—the performances by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Leonard Bernstein. A program of rather more pomp than circumstance began and ended with choral music by Beethoven and Mahler, spaced by an Aaron Copland première and Vaughan Williams's "Serenade to Music."

So far as creature comfort is concerned, Philharmonic Hall, with its spacious foyers, numerous promenades, and eye-filling vistas surrounding the inner core of auditorium (a blue and gold delight), is an unqualified triumph for architect Max Abramovitz. Nothing has been left undone to make attendance at a concert an evening-long pleasure. It is much more of a qualified success for acoustical planner Leo L. Beranek.

Here, under conditions of a practically limitless budget and freedom for innovation, is a test of his (and other acousticians') contention that theirs is an exact, not an approximate, science. But the evidence of the music that reached the ear at the opening concert is all to the conclusion that acoustical science can deal with the tangibles that make a hall unsatisfactory—echo, dead spots, overlapping of sound—but it cannot prefabricate the intangibles that make a hall a satisfactory respondent to musical sound: warmth, color, radiance, or magnetism. Philharmonic Hall is, to begin with, a loud-speaking auditorium, which is to say that the sound reaches the ear with all its original power and perhaps some added by reflection from the canopy of acoustical panels over the stage and much of the audience space. It needs gentling, rather than the kind of exuberance that Bernstein applied in the "Gloria" from Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" or "Veni, Creator Spiritus" from Mahler's Eighth.

It is also a loud-speaking auditorium in its likeness to a faultless reproducing system turned up to the full. It produces a response that is X-ray clear in its definition, but, like an X-ray photo, tends to rob the subject of flesh and blood, reducing the image to skeletal elements. The further likeness to electronic rather than "live" sound comes in its emphasis on middle and high range (almost in the sense that speaker people talk of "peaks"), at penalty to the bass, which gives music foundation and support for the overtones. As presently constituted, Philharmonic Hall may "prove out" on measuring instruments and satisfy the graphs for curves, but the ear is not an oscilloscope nor the mind a sound-level meter. It is, in short, a matter of the objective vs. the subjective.

How the surroundings will respond to an orchestra without an oversized chorus, or in its normal position (an eight-foot "elevator" extension pushed it that much farther into the auditorium) must wait for subsequent programs to reveal. It may then be a challenge to Beranek and his associates to prove that the flexibility claimed for his panels and "clouds" is really built into them by revising, altering, or amending the arrangement to provide the values presently lacking. The mere auditor cannot hope to advise the experts in details of practice, but it may be suggested that some thought be given to the stage area itself. There doesn't seem to be any problem of dispersion for the sound that is generated thereon; the question is where does the sound go when it leaves the instruments—how is it affected by reflection or the lack of it before it reaches the audience?

Nearly a dozen concerts will have been performed in Philharmonic Hall by the time these words are read, so a detailed account of the opening is scarcely a matter of moment. But it struck some well-wishers that Bernstein himself put an enormous burden on the relatively untried surroundings (preliminaries could hardly be a measure of the results with an audience in attendance) with the orchestra-choral combination, and sound production that was on the whole prodigal.

Copland's "Connotations," in which he used an orchestra of dimensions even greater than Mahler's, has the aura of sizable creative energy. However, any accurate judgment would have to wait on a hearing less complicated by the stress and strain of this performance. Everything about it was rendered overly insistent by the force with which it was projected at the listener. "Gangbusters" was an interlude of quiet by comparison with some of the percussive effects in this score and the manner of their performance.

How now then Beethoven, Vaughan Williams, and Mahler? These, too, with their troops of vocal soloists (Mmes. Farrell, Amara, Addison, Chookasian, and Tourel, Messrs, Vickers, London, Tucker, and Flagello, among others) seemed more designed to give the audience a splendid array of names for its money ($250-$100 was the price range per ticket) than the hall a true test of its symphonic suitability.

The sum of it is that if work remains to round out the facilities of a beautifully designed, enviably spacious plant, work also remains to make the hall worthy of the purpose to which it is dedicated—the faithful presentation of man's noblest instrument.

EASILY the spectator favorite of the Bolshoi Ballet's second American tour is "Ballet School," a preparation whipped up by Asaf Messerer at the instigation of impresario S. Hurok, whose feeling for an audience pulse is much keener than Dr. Ben Casey's. A distant descendant of such honorable ancestors as "Scuola di Ballo" and "Graduation Ball," it outdoes them all by stripping the scene of nonessentials (scenery and costumes), reducing the garb to stylized leotards and the gear to a *barre*. For a while there is a pretense to showing the evolution of a Bolshoi student (with local juveniles as the "students"), but soon enough this is dispensed with to permit the master performers of the present company—Mmes. Plisetskaya, Maximova, Samokhvalova, Popko, Messrs. Fadeyechev,

(*Continued on page* 67)

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Critic Among Friends

"Images of Truth: Remembrances and Criticism," by Glenway Wescott *(Harper & Row. 311 pp. $6), studies six writers whom the author has known, several as intimate friends. Gay Wilson Allen is a biographer and critic by avocation, and by vocation teaches American literature at New York University.*

By GAY WILSON ALLEN

THE TITLE of this collection of critical and semi-autobiographical essays comes from Blake: "Everything that is possible to be believed is an image of the truth." But actually Mr. Wescott is less concerned with what is "possible to be believed" than with his own firm convictions, one of which is that "there is a more precise, potent truth in story than in philosophy." His argument is the reverse of Plato's: "In a truthful account of something which has happened, our minds discover, almost without thinking, a kind of knowledge of the world which lies deeper and is less subject to perversion and change than all the rules of ethics cut and dried. The emotion of a story has a more pacifying, fortifying effect on our wild hearts than any amount of preaching and teaching."

For some years middlebrow critics have been pleading for literary criticism based on personal delight, outright enthusiasm, instead of cold, intellectual analyses of structures, symbols, images, textures, etc. Here are six literary studies (of Katherine Anne Porter, Somerset Maugham, Colette, Isak Dinesen, Thomas Mann, and Thornton Wilder) which are based on subjective experience and expressed with uninhibited candor. This "old-fashioned" critic not only uses biography where it can lead to appreciative understanding, but he also draws upon his personal knowledge and varying degrees of friendship (in descending intimacy: with Porter, Maugham, Wilder, Colette).

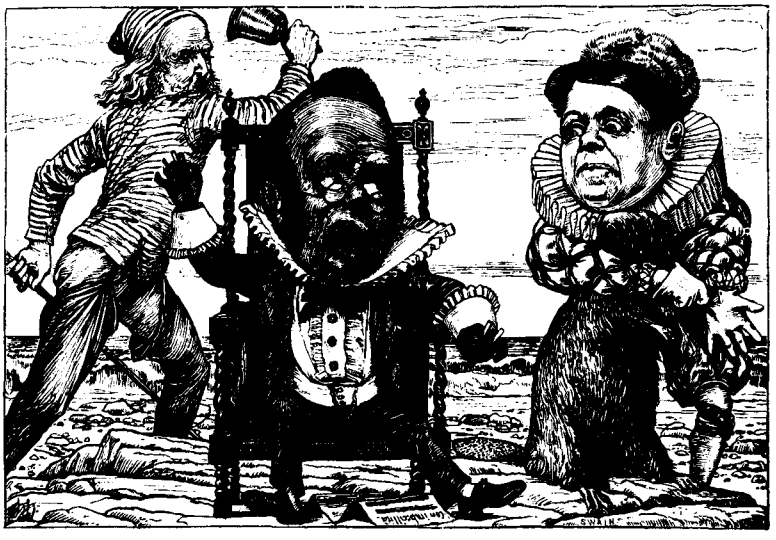
Isak Dinesen is only rather casually known to Mr. Wescott, and his chapter on her does not show many new insights, but it does convey something of the bewitching charm of the Danish author and her tales. The essay on Katherine Anne Porter is so extravagantly adulatory that one is tempted to discount the praise of her work, but by tracing in considerable detail the background of "Ship of Fools" it reveals more clearly the novel itself than anything else I have read on the subject.

The essay on Maugham may also serve as a useful corrective to the present critical fashion of undercutting his reputation. As Mr. Wescott points out, Maugham is "the one of all his generation the least like a genius, the one most emphatically disavowing any such pretensions." Too many critics have taken him at his own valuation.

Mr. Wescott believes that few novels of the twentieth century contain so much ethics, religion, and psychology of creative endeavor as Maugham's. As an example he cites "Christmas Holiday," published in 1939, which showed "the end of the great lull in modern history: the moment of awakening from the sweetest, most heedless sleep humanity has indulged in! . . . explains more of the human bases of fascism and nazism and communism than anyone else has done . . ."

Although Mr. Wescott is well aware that a novel must give pleasure if it is to have many readers, he does not regard entertainment as a worthy objective of the novelist. For his own part, when he reads for amusement he chooses a fairy story, "Arabian Nights," or one of Isak Dinesen's stories. With Samuel Johnson he agrees that "the

BEWARE OF THE BOOJUM: Lewis Carroll's nonsense stories and poems, written to amuse his child friends, continue to be subjected to a variety of allegorical interpretations for adults only. Martin Gardner, in **"The Annotated Snark"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), sees the "Agony in Eight Fits" as an expression of existentialist despair and even an unintentional prophecy of the Bomb. Along with Gardner's ingenious explication, the book contains the complete poem together with Henry Holliday's original illustrations.



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only end of writing is to enable readers better to enjoy life, or better to endure it." In fact, one of the chief uses of fiction is "diagnosis: and once in a while, when some class or profession or family of mankind has been spiritually sick, novels have prescribed something to relieve or cure the sickness." But the novelist must show what is wrong without too obviously prescribing. Mr. Wescott thinks that Somerset Maugham does this admirably, and Mr. Maugham agrees that it is in the back of his mind, but he wants the discovery to be the reader's own: "It is not the business of the novelist to tell his readers what they are to think of his characters and his plot."

Many readers have thought that few novels of the twentieth century have more convincingly shown the sickness of an age than Mann's "The Magic Mountain," and Mr. Wescott would agree; yet he regards this novel as overblown, too stuffed with philosophy and abstractions. To this reviewer the chapter on Mann is the weakest in the book, though it does contain some highly original speculations on Mann's political development. Perhaps Mr. Wescott simply has a natural antipathy to Mann, and an affinity for Thornton Wilder, whose view of the novelist's function he shares in general. Wilder would like to regard the novelist as what the Germans call a *"Menschenkenner,"* the complete knower of human experience, "like a great eye above the roof, above the town, above the planet, from which nothing is hid."

And yet since Henry James, or rather beginning with him, the novelist has steadily retreated from omniscience. Wilder blames Freud and sociology, but Wescott thinks there are also other contributing factors that have enfeebled the novelists. One is journalism, which today performs the functions of Balzac. Another is the influence of Flaubert, resulting in a cult of stylistic perfectionism. And the economic status of the novelist is poor.

But a major difficulty is increasing cosmopolitanism and social mobility. The nineteenth-century novelist lived in a compact society, was "saturated" with his material, and knew his homogeneous readers. However, "this is a challenge, not an impediment, a problem of form and technique, soluble surely." This book contains a number of suggestions as to how the problem could be solved, but this is not its subject. Its main purpose is the sharing of literary experience, growing out of knowledge of the lives of the creators of the books discussed, and this Glenway Wescott has interestingly and provocatively done.

On Uncovering Travesty

"The Anatomy of Satire," by Gilbert Highet *(Princeton University Press. 301 pp. $5), combing the classics, distinguishes irony from parody, mimicry, hoax, and romance. Richard G. Stern's third novel, "In Any Case," was published last month. He is visiting lecturer this year at the University of Venice.*

By RICHARD G. STERN

EIGHT FORTY-FIVE. The first portion of the rebroadcast Boston Symphony Concert has been consumed. The station's intermission feature is announced, and Chicago's finest fingers zoom for the switch-off. Not mine. I wait happily for the slow, Glasgow-burred elegance of his "Gud eevning, ladis and gntlm," and the twelve-minute exposition on the week's book, person, or tradition. In the middle of Martinu's Forty-fourth Symphony I am still relishing phrases, making lists of books to read, anticipating next week's twelve minutes.

Gilbert Highet. Our Saintsbury. May there always be one, an Edinburgh or Glasgow hound of print, and a scribbler thereof. Can any man have lived long enough to have read what George Saintsbury and Gilbert Highet have read? Mr. Highet has already read more than Mr. Saintsbury, or at least he reads more carefully and completely. He not only reads Abraham a Sancta Clara and sees his resemblance to Bion of Borysthenes, but he can offer us "a sound, though rather unsympathetic, portrait of Abraham in c. 2 of R. A. Kann's 'Study in Austrian Intellectual History' (New York, 1960)." Mr. Saintsbury might not have read R. A. Kann, and we would have suspected his comparison of Abraham and Bion. One does not suspect Mr. Highet's reading. When one occasionally trips up on something recognizable in his pages, one may say, "That is not what Abraham of Sancta Clara meant at all," but one knows that Mr. Highet has read Abraham, has seen something which sent him to fourteen comparative bell ropes, and then has sounded the bells as truly as his rigorous Scots wit and Chesterfieldian sentences permit.

—*From the book.*

Reynard the Fox honored by King Lion.

Mr. Highet would be a hard man with whom to argue. Saints pity the man who wrestles him in the classical pit. Mr. Highet can really shiver with pain at the Syriac thinness of Lucian's Greek, and with bliss at the prose of Apuleius, "as scented and as sinuous as a magic spell"; masterfully, if respectfully, he can dispute scholarly derivations of Seneca's *"Apocolocyntosis"*; and, as for parallel-drawing, who else but he could find Ennius in Bob Newhart, Juvenal in Ruskin's description of the Thames Embankment or, rather, Ruskin in Juvenal when "I was last rereading Juvenal's satire on the horrors of the big city"?

What is the container of this lovely *minestrone*, the *lanx* of this *satura*? A book on satire, happily enough, that most boldly ravished of critical terms, that mask for critical incompetence. Some years ago Mr. Highet wrote his "Juvenal the Satirist," and he obviously knew his way around the country then. By now he can distinguish satire in and from parody, mimicry, hoax, and romance, can spot its misuse in "Bouvard and Pecuchet," its blooms in Rabelais, Swift, Quevedo, More, Erasmus, Julian, Mayakovsky, Ionesco, its presence in history, biography, or narrative where lesser men (*cf.* Jérôme Carcopino on Petronius's *"Satyrica"*) have mistaken it for honest description.

Surely this is enough to ask of a man who can also send us book-loving ignoramuses to the *"Epistulae Obscurorum Virorum"* and Parini's *"Il Giorno,"* who remembers wonderful turns of

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Grock and novel travesties by Bret Harte, who quotes marvelous bits from all over Western space and literary time, and who finally selects such delightful illustrations as Titian's ape "Laocoön" and sculpture from the cathedral at Bourges. The heads behind the dial-twisting hands may say that Mr. Highet cannot compose a book, that he repeats himself, sometimes contradictorily, that he is discursively too short-winded, that his analytic powers are feeble, that his opinions ("sexual energy is the central reason of existence for many Italians") are puerile and obtrusive, and that his prose ("If the results which he offers us are not always smooth with the contours of perfect art, and if their hints are not harmoniously blended, they have at least the urgency and immediacy of actual life") is not always polished. Let them say it, twist the dial, ignore the books. The rest of us will continue to attend to Highet with pleasure and utility.

In Search of Non-Being

"Loss of the Self in Modern Literature and Art," by Wylie Sypher *(Random House. 179 pp. $4), and* ***"Samuel Beckett," by Ruby Cohn*** *(Rutgers University Press. 340 pp. $6), respectively, probe indentity-diffusion in painting, anti-novels, and anti-dramas—and evaluate the major figure in the endgame of annihilation. Albert J. Guerard's new novel, "The Exiles," will be published by Macmillan in February.*

By ALBERT J. GUERARD

THE MODERN impulse to lose the self, to dissolve consciousness and change or destroy identity, to escape the weary and burdened ego, is at least 200 years old. It provides one of the great motives of nineteenth-century literature, from Senancour and the English romantics to Nietzsche's "Birth of Tragedy." Philosophers and psychologists, the elusive Kierkegaard and the methodical Taine alike, joined in the theoretical assault on the old recognizable "self." In 1914 D. H. Lawrence warned that one would look in vain, in his novels, for the old ego of character.

Wylie Sypher, in his "Loss of Self in Modern Literature and Art," continues this tale of destruction to the present. Sypher displayed great versatility in four earler volumes. Now he brings his subtle, epigrammatic, essentially French intelligence to bear on the diverse annihilations of the new mathematics and physics (Goedel, Ieisenberg, Boltzman, Bronowski), and on those of existentialist philosophy, of Dubuffet's "brutal" painting, of the anti-novels and anti-dramas of Musil, Sarraute, Robbe-Grillet, Beckett, Ionesco. His essential assumption is "that there is some reciprocity between what scientists are thinking and what artists are doing," and that the true artist will feel as "strongly as the scientist or philosopher which way the deeper currents of his day are running."

It appears that one way in which they are running is down. Sypher sees an intuition among artists corresponding to the physicist's notion of entropy: "the tendency of an ordered universe to go over into a state of disorder," and a leveling of energy "until all distinctions are obliterated." Sir James Jeans reminded us, more than a generation ago, that we were running down. He could nevertheless conclude with lofty comments on the remaining immensity of the future. The *anti*'s in our present atmosphere (beginning or perhaps ending with anti-matter) increase and multiply. Wylie Sypher emphasizes, perhaps more than he intends to, the degree to which the French anti-novel is a philosophical rather than literary movement. Epistemology, not esthetics, shapes and demolishes the genre.

One of the many rewards of this brief and brilliant book is the common cause it makes for experimental art and experimental fiction. There is a general tolerance, among educated beholders, for action painting or for the brutal painting of Dubuffet; and more than tolerance for the plays of Beckett and Ionesco on the stage. But another standard is commonly imposed for fiction; the nineteenth-century realisms are nostalgically invoked. Thus the novels of Beckett (or those of Sarraute, Robbe-Grillet, Djuna Barnes, John Hawkes) may seem silly or irrelevant to the same critic who enjoys Beckett's plays or the paintings of Motherwell and Dubuffet. Yet the same kind of destructive intention and horrified pleasure may be found as richly in the fiction as in painting or on the stage.

This seems to be one of the failings of Sypher's extremely compressed book: It neglects pleasure, the esthetic effect of these works on readers and spectators. Granted the epistemological discoveries, what new experience do we find in Nicole Sarraute's "babble" or in Beckett's repetitions? What new tensions and anxieties, what vertiginous or stupefying pleasures? To ask this is to think also of the destroyers of conventional literary form who are not concerned with identity loss to the same degree, notably William Faulkner. The public success of Lawrence Durrell's fiction reminds us of the same thing. He too is helping to construct that myth of dissolution and annihilation which may some day seem, in retrospect, to have dominated our time.

The forms of dissolution are legion, hardly to be résuméd in a book of 179 pages. A fuller survey would have to give more attention to the psychologist's entropies, to the Freudian *thanatos*, and to the self-destructive drives of the guilty, to Eric Ericsson and others who theorize on identity-diffusion. And even to the hipster or beatnik assaults on the nervous system, who intend from the destruction of old energy to create new. The assaults of the guilty on

(*Continued on page* 52)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1001

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1001 will be found in the next issue.

XB KXC RG CLOA KRGB

ORPBG Q GQN ORMB.

PCODQRFB.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1000

The difference between a human being ten years of age and one fifty years of age lies altogether in the matter of toys.

—O'MALLEY.

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FICTION

Native Voice in Foreign Tongue

"Modern Philippine Short Stories," edited by Leonard Casper *(University of New Mexico Press. 235 pp. $4.50), a collection of tales originally written in English, avoids the costume-and-local-color clichés in portraying life in a unique culture. Donald Keene, author of "Living Japan," recently returned from a stay in the Philippines.*

By DONALD KEENE

THE KIND of well-meaning American who asks sundry Asians, "Why don't you stick to your pretty native costumes?" may well object to a collection of stories in English by Filipino writers. This imperialism in reverse, which suggests that an Asian author who writes in a European language is somehow betraying his people, has a superficial ring of liberalism, but the implication that an outsider knows better than a Filipino—or an Indian—author which language he should employ can hardly fail to be offensive. Whatever course Philippine literature may take in the future, we are certainly fortunate that there are now Filipinos who can speak to us beautifully in our own language, without risking the terrible hazards of translation.

The nine authors represented in "Modern Philippine Short Stories" write English with conviction and technical mastery. Their success should not, however, be likened to that of Joseph Conrad: they are not writing in a deliberately chosen foreign language, but the language in which their stories express themselves most naturally. They may, it is true, speak Tagalog, Visayan, or some other Philippine language at home, but their education has been almost entirely in English, and their literary tastes were formed by English poetry and prose. Some authors write in both English and Tagalog, but, though stories in the vernacular are financially more profitable, many Filipinos feel that they cannot express themselves fully except in the language of their education.

The stories of this collection, though in English, were written for a Filipino audience. Unlike most stories intended by Asian authors for an American or European audience, they are therefore free from any self-consciousness of parading in pretty native costumes. One does not find the grandfather hoary with the wisdom of the East, the city-bred youth who rediscovers in a village the traditional values of his people, or the shy young girl who achieves maturity as she feels the first stirrings of a man-child within her. These figures are not necessarily spurious, but their repeated presence in Western-oriented collections of Asian stories tends to color all Asia with a uniform golden glow when it should delight us instead by its variety.

Certainly no country of Asia has a more distinct culture than the Philippines, with its Malay, Spanish, and American heritage. The different elements have blended amazingly well; it is one country, for example, where American influence has clearly meant more than gadgets, jazz, and chewing gum. Rizal, the national hero, wrote two remarkable novels in Spanish; the authors of the present collection demonstrate that English is equally the birthright of the educated Filipino.

All the stories, edited by Leonard Casper with an informative introduction, are of high quality. Those by Nick Joaquin are especially remarkable. Joaquin is known among Filipino writers for his absorption with the Spanish heritage, which survives today mainl in the Catholicism that is the religion of most Filipinos. No doubt the Filipino character has been sharply differentiated from that of other peoples of Asia by this influence. Joaquin's story "The Summer Solstice" depicts the weird amalgamation of the Catholic feast of St. John and an indigenous pagan midsummer celebration. Under the spell of the orgy a respectable, upper-class matron is transformed into a pagan votary. When the feast ends, her persisting frenzy is expressed in terms of Spanish romanticism, as she commands her placid husband to prove his love by kissing her feet:

> She raised her skirts and contemptuously thrust out a naked foot. He lifted his dripping face and touched his bruised lips to her toes; lifted his hands and grasped the white foot and kissed it savagely—kissed the step, the sole, the frail ankle—while she bit her lips and clutched in pain at the window-sill; her body distended and wracked by horrible shivers, her head flung back and her loose hair streaming out the window—streaming fluid and black in the white night where the huge moon glowed like a sun and the dry air flamed into lightning and the pure heat burned with the immense intense fever of noon.

Most of the other stories in the collection describe life in the villages. This choice no doubt reflects in part the editor's preferences, but Filipino writers apparently cannot forget that four-fifths of their people live in the countryside. Their concern may strike us as laudable when contrasted, say, with the overwhelming interest of Japanese authors in urban life, but it is nonetheless true that the lives of simple farmers and fishermen tend to lack variety. A story about an adolescent boy in a village usually resembles others on the same theme. "Wedding Dance," by Amador Daguio, achieves real poignance in its account of a farmer who leaves the wife he loves because she is barren; but we may be moved even more by the greater complexities of "A Warm Hand," by N. V. M. Gonzalez, the most influential of modern Filipino writers, or "Two Brothers," by Rony V. Diaz, a writer of exceptional power.

Each of the nine writers deserves greater attention than I have given here, but the collection as a whole i of even more importance than the individual excellences. It is an admirable testimony to the emergence of another important branch of English literature.

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Commitment to Return

"The Odd Day," by DeWitt Copp and Marshall Peck *(Morrow. 212 pp. $4.50), fictionalizes the plight of Chinese mainlanders exiled on Taiwan and the off-shore islands, where they were interviewed by the authors. Robert A Burton, a specialist in Chinese Communist affairs, recently jointed the East Asia program of the University of Kansas.*

By ROBERT A. BURTON

A SAGACIOUS Chinese gentleman introduced me to his country some years ago by saying that I would hear a great many things about it and that most of those things would flatly contradict one another. The important thing, he stressed, was to believe that everything I heard was true. His insight provides a useful framework for approaching "The Odd Day," a book about China.

DeWitt Copp and Marshall Peck interviewed 150 men and women on Taiwan and the off-shore islands. They then fictionalized several of these people and wove into the narrative a cross section of opinions obtained in the other interviews. The result is a highly readable work of fiction. It is set in the twenty-four-hour period of an odd day —the Chinese Communists since late 1958 having inscrutably shelled the off-shore islands only on odd days.

Although a novel, "The Odd Day" expresses apparently authentic views held on Taiwan. It also reveals the drama of the lives of many people caught up in the situation there. We look in on the frugal pedicab driver, a refugee from the mainland, making difficult but discernible progress toward starting his own business after being discharged from the army. There is the Taiwanese farmer, prosperous as never before because of the island's land reform. In a changing society, however, he feels apprehensive about his son, who doesn't much like the idea of staying down on the farm. There are the student, the U.S. missionary teacher, the anti-Communist political opposition leader, who is presented as the only bad guy in the book.

There is the decent mayor of Kaohsuing, the heroic transport pilot, regularly risking his neck by flying ancient planes deep into mainland territory to drop food and propaganda. There is the young fighter pilot who patrols the Taiwan Strait and chafes at U.S. treaty restrictions, which frustrate his desire for combat with his Communist counterparts. There is the non-Chinese Roman Catholic priest, who spent years in a Chinese Communist prison. His station now is Quemoy, and in his living quarters hang photographs of Pius XII, Sun Yat-sen, and Chiang Kai-shek. There is the priest's close friend, the very human general, and the frogman, and several others.

The authors convey the yearning of mainland Chinese to return to their homes, and the wish of Taiwanese to have them go back. Implicit in the views and statements of most characters in the book, in fact, is the commitment to such a return. Referring to the mainlanders, a Taiwanese newspaperman offers this comment on the problem: "They want to go home. We want them to go home. The reasons are different, the goal is the same; and so it is better to work together."

THE implication of such attitudes is the inevitability of war in the Taiwan Strait at least. Indeed, most of the sympathetic characters in the book imply, but never quite come right out and say, that a more substantial war is inevitable and that the United States, like it or not, is inevitably involved in it by the nature of the Communist world struggle for power. The authors, however, nowhere come to grips with such broad, and to me, disturbing implications in their book.

This is not to deny the authenticity of the opinions contained in "The Odd Day." But there are other authentic opinions. "Remember," I can hear my Chinese mentor saying, "everything you hear about China is true."

SENSE YIELDING TO SENSES: She has been out in the bitter cold only a second, but in that second the milk sours and the pan burns. Though it's January, there's a clap of thunder. Though it's freezing, she and Anne Marie go swimming. She wanted instead to go to Jane's party, but that was months ago. They are girls but Paul finds them shriveled. He himself wrinkles, coughs, and dies, and the young police lieutenant sweeps him up in a dustpan. Even the lieutenant turns quickly gray. But he knows the truth about her, at least the truth she prefers, and calls her "Miss."

"Tonight My Love Is Coming" is the title of this story, one of twelve in **"The Elevator,"** by Maude Hutchins (Morrow, $4). It's a curious vision of youth that withers and dies, or of a rendezvous long beyond any possibility, or of mystifying Time. The narrator sees life brightly and without reality; only Paul, Anne Marie, and you the reader appreciate that this is all illusion.

Maxwell Geismar, in an astute Introduction, calls Time the principal subject of these stories, which occur in limbo, half on our illumined side, where logic reigns, and half over in the gloom, where sense yields to the four senses and to the fifth as well.

In other stories a boy's father is a moose; an elevator goes up to Japan, where "no one else seldom goes"; an avant-garde nude attends a party; an eel is a mermaid, and a jujube is no jujube at all; a man keeps a duck in the toilet; and for ordinary, run-of-the-mill thrills there are two shootings, a knifing, and a strangling.

The light and inconsequential mood with which "Really" opens continues

all the way despite the grisly end, for Mrs. Hutchins, invariably serious, is never solemn, and you suspect the way she holds her pen is to keep her fingers crossed. The title story, the longest one, is the best example of—what shall I say?—her repertory, erotic fantasy, or occult diversity. At first the elevator man is alone with the lady, who has counted her fingers, settled her brassiere, listened to her heartbeats and, in short, made sure she's all there—though perhaps you will have your doubts. She is joined by an elderly couple, a voice, a diplomat with holes in his head, and Jo Jo, the Negro with a basket of semicolons, commas, exclamation points, *et cetera*. Jo Jo writes what is acted out. Words like key and pencil are titillating symbols; and the rising elevator itself is symbol. Told without symbols, the entire story would draw down the wrath of the censors as if it were another "Diary of Love."

"The Wreck," "The Wedding," "Alonso," and "The Job" rank high among other items, easy and fun to read, in a collection steeped in the unique Hutchins bewitchery. This is by far her best book. —W. G. ROGERS.

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The Man Who Ruined Himself

"Thomas Wentworth: First Earl of Strafford, 1593-1641," by C. V. Wedgwood *(Macmillan. 415 pp. $6), traces the rise and fall of the arrogant statesman who won enemies and alienated people during the reign of Charles I. Harry T. Moore now teaches at the University of Colorado.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

THE EXECUTION of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, on a spring day in 1641 drew an enormous London crowd that roared its joy when the axman held up the severed head. That night, people went about smashing windows that weren't bright with celebrating candles, and in the marketplaces bonfires crackled, London rejoiced. Why?

Wentworth was a hated minister of Charles I, who fed him to their common enemies in a gesture of weakness that haunted him during the eight remaining years until his own head was chopped off. These violent events and passionate men are not so far away and long ago as they may seem, for democracy as we know it came out of the boiling cauldron of that age. The author of the present book, C. V. Wedgwood, now the foremost historian of the early Stuart period, has changed her attitude toward Wentworth since her first biography of him in 1935. She makes good use of the new material unearthed in this last quarter-century, and she is the first scholar to draw upon the great collection of Wentworth papers now at Sheffield in the Earl's native Yorkshire.

What she has learned has caused her to darken her portrait of Wentworth. Yet, as she points out, if she now makes him a somewhat less admirable figure, she balances this by intensifying the tragic elements in his nature. In the newer perspective he appears all the more plainly as a man who ruined himself; and Miss Wedgwood turns this into a good biographical story, scholarly at every stage and always compulsively interesting as it follows the human developments, making Wentworth, for all his weaknesses, fundamentally a sympathetic character.

Trained as a lawyer, gifted with eloquence, he took a position of leadership

Thomas Wentworth—"The lost Archangel."

in the wrangling Parliaments that in the late 1620s continually thwarted the king. Then, in 1628, Wentworth abruptly switched sides and went over to the crown. Macaulay damned him as "the lost Archangel, the Satan of the Apostasy." Miss Wedgwood takes a softer view: Wentworth seriously believed in a balanced constitution, but felt that the king, as the true governor with the mechanism of administration, should have the power to overrule Parliament. Miss Wedgwood finds candor and practicality in this approach, but admits it was "in some ways ingenuous."

She doesn't hesitate to show how Wentworth abused the power that suddenly came his way, too often behaving arrogantly and unscrupulously. But if he profited from his position, "he put the interests of the crown at least on a level with his own, which was by no means the general practice of his contemporaries." He had a few staunch friends, but his tragic weakness was a failure to understand the majority of his fellow men. He never seemed to realize that the Parliamentary cabal wouldn't let him get away with everything forever, particularly his conduct of Irish affairs.

His trial, with John Pym whipping up the antagonism against him and using extra-legal means to convict him, is reported by Miss Wedgwood with dramatic force. But here, as elsewhere in the book, she exhibits more than narrative skill, rare in itself these days; as a biographer she looks deeply into Wentworth's motives and actions, and as a historian she not only shows that she has mastered the details of that richly documented age but also that she has captured its spirit and meaning, intensely significant for an understanding of our own time.

Ghosts, Lovers, and Books

"Instead of a Letter," by Diana Athill *(Doubleday. 192 pp. $3.75), unveils with total candor the private life and intimate emotions of an English publisher and writer. Peter Green, novelist and critic, wrote "The Sword of Pleasure" and "Kenneth Grahame."*

By PETER GREEN

WHEN I was sent Miss Athill's autobiography for review it occurred to me that I should, in all fairness, declare my personal acquaintance with the author. We both, after all, move in the fairly narrow circles where London reviewers, publishers, and (rather less often) writers tend to be found. But now that I have read "Instead of a Letter" such a declaration becomes supererogatory; it is abundantly clear that neither I nor most of those who have met Miss Athill over lunch or chatted with her at cocktail parties know the first thing about her. As a novelist, indeed, I feel suitably humbled by her candid and disarming revelations; I cannot recall any occasion on which I have made so many erroneous psychological assumptions about a person's character, background, and attitude to life.

This may partly—but only partly—explain why I found "Instead of a Letter" the most absorbing and original essay in autobiography to have come my way in the last two decades. As readers of her short stories will know, Miss Athill, though endowed with the most delicate sensibilities, is not given to crying Woolf. Cheerfulness will keep breaking in, even during long stretches of neurotic depression. Besides, Miss Athill was brought up in a society—the cultured English country squirearchy—that inculcated, along with its various restrictive shibboleths, a splen-

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did and effortless arrogance, a sense of hieratic *rightness* that any rebellious child could chew on for the rest of her life like a good, meaty bone.

Such a background also enables people to take oddities in their stride, and to remain genuinely indifferent, *au fond,* to the opinions of all but a select few. Perhaps that is what has enabled Miss Athill to achieve such devastating frankness (devastating because of the calm indifference one senses behind it) over the most intimate details of her private life. With cool, dispassionate insight she analyzes the great love of her life, a young man engaged to tutor her as a schoolgirl, to whom she lost her virginity, and who subsequently threw her over by letter (after two years' silence) while flying RAF bombers in the Middle East. Paul's desertion and death had a shattering effect on her, destroying her sense of human relationships and leading to years of joyless promiscuity. There is no more terrifying episode in this book than Miss Athill's description of how she obtained an abortion during the war; her commonsensical *sang-froid* has a stunned, numb, neurasthenic quality about it.

As for the eccentricities, they abound in the brilliant opening chapters that describe Miss Athill's East Anglian childhood. Her paternal grandfather shot himself in a fit of temper because the coal was delivered late. There was a ghost in the night nursery: "not an ordinary ghost but a disgusted presence, a slimy grey thing like a stubby elephant's trunk which reached down over the gutter and groped at the window one morning while I was sitting alone on my pot." But family arrogance could not argue with overdrafts; the Manor was abandoned, the squads of servants vanished, and Miss Athill found herself packed off to school, which she loathed.

OXFORD followed, and then a dull wartime period when she first worked in the Admiralty at Bath, and subsequently for the BBC, in a department concerned with broadcasting to "the Empire"—which, as she relates with some amusement, included the USA. This soul-shriveling stage of her life came to an end just after the war, when a young Hungarian refugee named André Deutsch invited her to go into publishing with him. She did, and after some initial vicissitudes it became clear that the perfect partnership had been formed. There are few more engagingly enthusiastic accounts on record of the *servitudes et grandeurs* experienced by a dedicated publisher. Miss Athill waxes lyrical over her type-gauge; and authors on the Deutsch list will be interested to know that she at times feels like grabbing their heads in both hands and kissing them for having produced such delightful books.

What Miss Athill's colleagues and friends will make of "Instead of a Letter" I simply can't imagine. Somehow it is the small revelations that disconcert most, the flicks of humorous self-criticism, the picture that builds up of a well-bred girl who at fifteen thought about nothing except horses and sex, who admits to chronic laziness and mathematical incompetence, who claims to be a "connoisseur of terraces" and when on Corfu goes for rides in "wild musical taxis," who won the *Observer*'s first prize for a short story, who has had numerous lovers because at least it provided something to *do*—yes, and who on this showing is one of the purest, most exciting literary stars, a real supernova in fact, to have appeared in the English heavens since, well, heaven knows when.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 8, 5, 7, 2, 6, 1, 3, 4.

Franz Kafka: Parable and Paradox

By HEINZ POLITZER, *University of California, Berkeley*

HERE at last is a book which treats Kafka as literature pure and simple, though not so pure and not so simple. It considers the paradoxical parable as the basic form of all Kafka's works and examines them according to this conception. Writes the author, himself a poet, "Rather than stressing the timeliness of Kafka's vision, the book attempts to explore the timelessness of his imagery." What emerges is a series of brilliant and highly original interpretations.

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By DAVID I. GROSSVOGEL, *Cornell University*

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Into the Jaws of Death

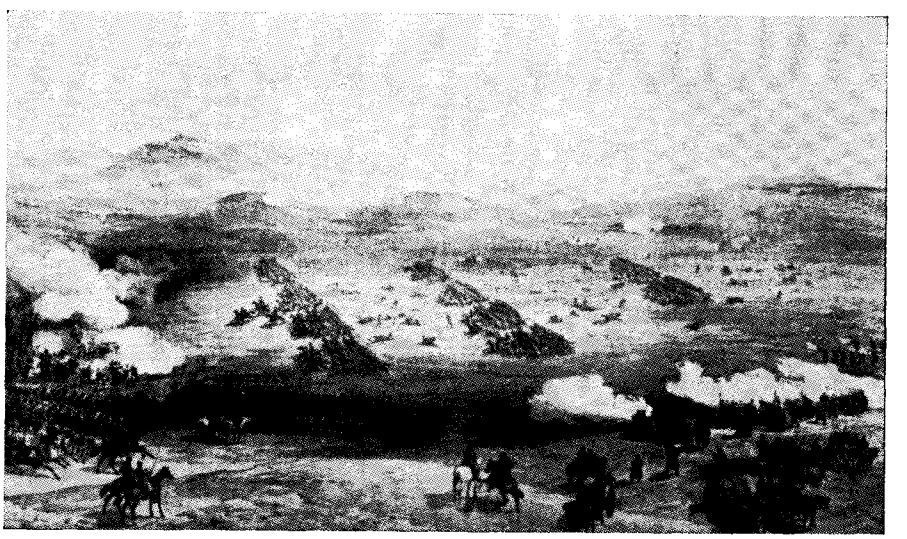
***"The Destruction of Lord Raglan: A Tragedy of the Crimean War, 1854-58," by Christopher Hibbert** (Little, Brown. 338 pp. $6.50), reopens the question of responsibility for a famous military fiasco. C. Northcote Parkinson, who was formerly a major in the Queen's Royal Regiment and served on the General Staff, wrote the war history of the Royal Fusiliers. His most recent book is "In-Laws and Outlaws."*

By C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

THE AUTHOR of this book has been given the Heinemann Award for Literature, and no reader will question that he has well earned it. Mr. Hibbert has read and studied all the standard works in English, French, and Russian. He has ransacked the archives and obtained access to Lord Raglan's private papers. He has thus collected a mass of material upon which he has based a well-organized and well-written narrative. He brings to the task his experience in historical writing, his personal knowledge of warfare (gained in World War II), and a gift for vivid description. Within the limits set, this book would be difficult to better.

The Crimean War, as popularly understood, was a discreditable fiasco in which a splendid army was made the victim of poor staff work and leadership. In so far as this is true, however, there was nothing unprecedented in the sort of failures to which the historian can point. The novelty lay in having journalists on the battlefield. Earlier British armies had suffered from sickness and exposure, supply shortage and cold; but there had been no reporters present. What had always been regarded as unavoidable was thus made to seem outrageous and new. First victim of this journalistic pressure was Lord Raglan, about whom no book has hitherto been written. The unfavorable picture of him has been allowed, therefore, to stand. He was, in fact, a far better officer than the critics were willing to admit.

While it is true to say that no biography of Raglan has so far been published, it must be emphasized that no biography has been printed even now. In defining his topic as "The Destruction of Lord Raglan," the author has excluded all but the briefest account of his subject's previous career. Six pages cover his early campaigns, his marriage to Wellington's niece, his loss of an arm at Waterloo, his long service with the Horse Guards, and his work as Master-General of the Ordnance. By page 17 we have reached Scutari, and by page 37 we have sighted Sebastopol. This has the merit of initial speed, but leaves us too ignorant of the man whose destruction we are to witness. The story of his death would be more poignant if he had been allowed to come alive. Where did he live and who were



—*From the book.*

The Charge of the Light Brigade—"journalists on the battlefield."

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his friends, what were his interests and how did he become the man he was? What of his ancestors and what of his children? He was descended, after all, from John of Gaunt. He was a kinsman of the Royal house, a member of a great family, a figure in Victorian society. But we are told little of his background or upbringing and nothing of his family life. He remains to that extent a more shadowy figure than is desirable in a character so central to the story. The portrait lacks substance.

To this criticism the author replies in anticipation: "Although I have made Lord Raglan the central figure of the tragedy, I have tried at the same time to write a military history of the war from primary sources." In this, however, his success is incomplete, for the descriptions of the fighting, vivid as they are, do not compensate for gaps in topographical and technical information. We are given too few maps (only five in all) and too few facts about the weapons in use. It does, however, become apparent that the British leadership was far from inept and that many of the difficulties arose from the nature of things. The chief stumbling block was the absence of a unified command, the British and French plans being too often inconsistent with each other. As in 1914-18, moreover, the French were too confident of their superior knowledge, founded as it might be on the memory of their earlier disasters; the British too diffident about a knowledge that derived, in the main, from their earlier success. It is typical of the author's approach to his subject that he should virtually end the book with Lord Raglan's funeral, adding no final summary of what the Crimean War had meant to the armies engaged.

It used to be the fashion to report, at the conclusion of a military exercise, that "valuable lessons had been learnt." This usually meant that the battle had disintegrated in hopeless confusion and that the lessons learnt should in fact have been learnt before, possibly in childhood. It would be fair to ask, in like manner, what tactical or other doctrines derive from the Crimea. Granted that "someone had blundered," what guarantee was there that the same blunders would not occur again? "The British Army," says the author, ". . . was improved and altered for ever." But, although this may be generally true, the reforms did not follow as quickly as the reader might suppose. The system of purchasing commissions, for instance, was not abolished until about 1870. Nor was there, for long afterwards, any systematic training of staff officers. It would be accurate, nevertheless, to say that Crimean experience was at least the basis for much later reform, whether in administration, discipline, equipment, or training. One cause of the slow pace in reorganization lies in the fact that the campaign was so brief. There was no time for the younger officers, trained in that war, to take over from those who had gained seniority during the previous decades of peace. But Mr. Hibbert shows that the general officers did their utmost. He agrees, finally, that Raglan, if not a great general, was a very good man.

Ice Ages

By Joan Swift

OFF our north shores, spire, spindrift, and fir, swim barracuda
This year. A warm-water shark has washed to peace on our sand.
The Nisqually Glacier shrinks back to its mouth like a tongue
Pulled in, having licked harebell and fern, and grandfathers tend

Like sheep memories of snowfall up to the windowsill.
Clearly, we grow warmer. Red, orange, the sun, a bursting fruit,
Spills by degrees, three more each hundred years, scientists say,
That pure heat by which we live or die, being temperate.

Once a wooly mammoth lunged, cool enough, through our spring woods,
And here too, sub-strata deep, calcified, black panthers lie,
Fed on the same earth, the thick-skinned and the thin. So we have
Sunbathed before, seen the frozen lakes melt into flood. By

Heavenly bodies the sea is moved and all weather honed.
Like a shade pulled down against sun and the warm afternoon,
Ice will close over the fallen alders, the bent grass where
We loved, steel and stone broken together, and the last weapon.

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A Season of Discontent

Continued from page 23

behave better in their future awards."

Just when the season of discontent seemed over, mid-July brought news of still another awards wrangle. For several decades the Poetry Center of the Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association has been sponsoring "evenings" at which leading poets read from their works. The Center's highlight for 1962 was to have been its first annual award for an unpublished collection of poems. The prize was $1,500 and publication of the winning poems by Atheneum Press.

THE jurors, Louise Bogan, Stanley Kunitz, and Robert Lowell, chose "Final Solutions," by twenty-three-year-old Frederick Seidel. But on March 30, George Frankenthaler, president of the YM-YWHA, notified Atheneum that the "Y" was withdrawing its authorization for publication of the poems. Mr. Frankenthaler later explained that "competent legal opinion confirms the presence of libel in one of the poems. There can be no moral or legal obligation to publish libelous material."

On July 12 a newspaper story revealed that the three jurors had fired off an angry letter severing their connections with the "Y" and its Poetry Center. Atheneum also dissented, and plans to publish Mr. Seidel's collection of poems shortly, without the blessings of the contest's sponsors.

If all this knockabout controversy has produced nothing else, it has at least stirred interest in some first-rate books. "The Moviegoer" is a touching, immensely readable study of a pleasant, well-off, but unconnected young man who lives his life at secondhand. "Night Song" is a vivid, headlong novel about the non-Euclidean world of New York bohemians and jazz musicians. "Citizen Hearst" is a massive but thoroughly engaging account of a compelling personality. As for Mr. Seidel's "Final Solutions," its quality has been certified by the willingness of three eminent poets to do battle for it. When the book emerges from the presses, it will likely find a large, curious public awaiting it.

Meanwhile, the "Y" Poetry Center, the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and the Pulitzer committee are said to be considering substantial changes in their awards procedures. And the NBA, partly in response to the "Moviegoer" controversy, has set up a special committee to weigh complaints and suggestions about the awards sent in by the award's sponsors. In all, it begins to look as if the awards controversies of 1962 are a case of sound and fury signifying a great deal.

A Statement

March 19, 1962

In a widely quoted newspaper story on the 1962 National Book Award for fiction, the statement was made that I "apparently . . . convinced the other fiction judges of the merits of the novel." The source of this intelligence was a "reliable authority" whose identity, so far as I know, has not been established.

It is true that my husband, A. J. Liebling, brought Walker Percy's novel, "The Moviegoer," to my attention. It is true also that I wrote to the NBA Committee after reading it, saying that I should like to recommend it to my fellow judges. Such recommendations are in accordance with NBA procedure. (This was not, by the way, the only novel I suggested.) In the same way, over the months, Mr. Gannett and Mr. Gold wrote in the names of books they felt worthy of consideration. I do not know if I read Mr. Percy's book before the other judges did; if so, it was purely a matter of accident.

What is not true is that I "convinced" or made any attempt to convince my colleagues of the merits of the book. We met for the first time on March 8th and until then we had not been in communication with one another. Our meeting was not long and it was conducted in remarkable peace and agreement. I do not know how, in that short time, or in any period of time, I could have persuaded two men of opinion and principle to a position they were reluctant to take. The mythical "reliable authority" has assigned to me political talents I do not have, never have had, and never wish to have.

The newspaper story was factually incorrect and its implications were irresponsible and misleading. I wish to correct the impression that my husband bossed me in the first place and I bossed Mr. Gannett and Mr. Gold in the second. The jury reached a unanimous decision to grant the award to Mr. Percy, whose novel all of us admire.

—Jean Stafford.

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Continued from page 27

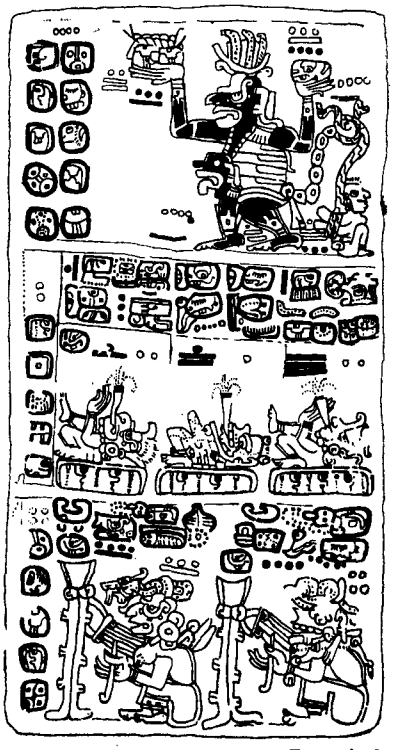
there are reasons for not accepting her stimony uncritically. Carolina has more to tell than her frail skills permit. I am inevitably led to compare "Child of the Dark" with Oscar Lewis's "Children of Sanchez" or Sidney Mintz's "Worker in the Cane." Similar in having Latin American settings, and in being verbatim expressions of the people themselves, these recent documents portray the "culture of poverty" with a fluency and depth that Carolina cannot match. Perhaps the difference is that Lewis and Mintz, both professional anthropologists, knew how much people like Carolina matter today. We want and need to know more about them than they think we do.

All That Glitters Is Not Liberty

"Guatemala: The Story of an Emergent Latin-American Democracy," by Mario Rosenthal *(Twayne. 327 pp. $4.50), claims that the author's country freed itself from Communism without outside help and is now a working republic. Harold Lavine is senior editor and chief Latin American correspondent of Newsweek.*

By HAROLD LAVINE

MARIO ROSENTHAL has written a history of Guatemala that is a saga of struggle, onward and upward, from Pedro de Alvarado, who conquered the country for Spain (and, of course, a legitimate sixteenth-century profit), to Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes, who governs it now (for an illegitimate twentieth-century profit). To Señor Rosenthal, who distinguished himself as a correspondent for the Associated Press by assuring his employers that reports of Cuban exiles training at Retalhuleu were a hoax, Ydigoras represents the final triumph of democracy in Guatemala. His blurb writers summarize his thesis: "Guatemala, unique among the nations of the world, is a Latin-American country that was able to free itself from a Communist takeover. The experience of Guatemala reveals that democracy can work in Latin America. . . ."



—From the book.

Until Señor Rosenthal, who is half Guatemalan and half American, came along, some U.S. correspondents in Latin America agreed with Allen W. Dulles that it was the CIA that freed Guatemala from Communism, and some agreed with the late Ambassador John E. Puerifoy that it was Jack Puerifoy who freed Guatemala from Communism, but that Guatemala actually freed itself from Communism was an idea that had occurred to nobody. Señor Rosenthal offers no evidence that it did; he merely says that anyone who thinks differently (*i.e.*, every correspondent who attended Puerifoy's briefings on his efforts to help Carlos Castillo Armas overthrow the Communist-dominated government of Jacobo Arbenz) is simply echoing Communist propaganda. On the question of where Castillo Armas got the money and weapons (including three B-27s) to launch his revolution, Señor Rosenthal, who must know better, says coyly: ". . . appreciative of the never-confirmed source of the funds that purchased the arms and aircraft and financed the venture, whatever it may be. . . ."

Now, the simple fact of the matter is this: It was the CIA that financed Castillo Armas and gave him weapons, and it was Ambassador Puerifoy who persuaded the Guatemalan colonels to refuse to fight Castillo Armas's troops. The Communists are perfectly right

JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

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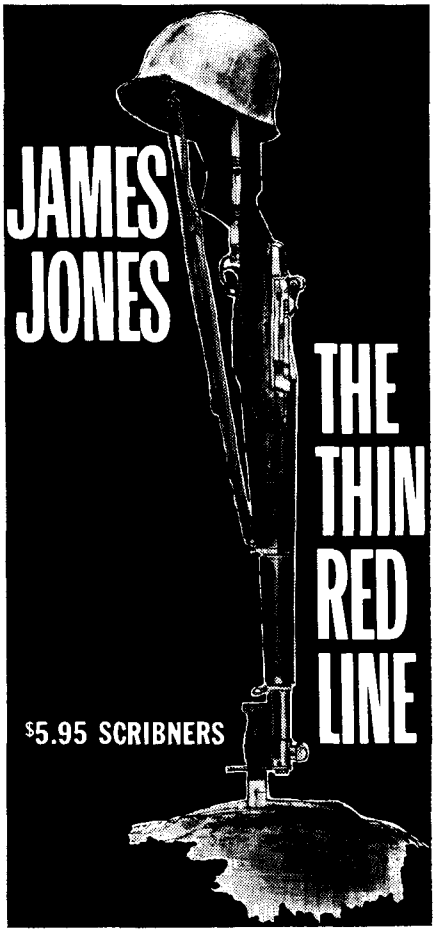

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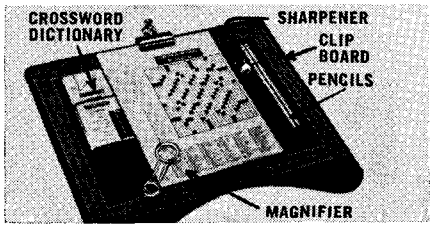

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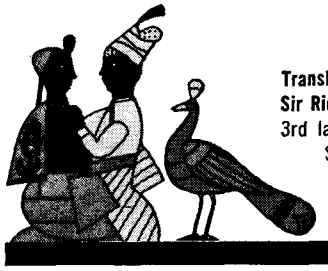

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when they say the United States destroyed the Arbenz regime—and, in this correspondent's opinion, the United States was perfectly justified in doing so. Señor Rosenthal isn't serving either history or the United States by attempting to rewrite the facts in order to absolve the United States from the Communist charge of "intervention."

For anyone who accepts Señor Rosenthal's view that Guatemala freed itself from Communism is likely to accept the view that Cuba can free itself from Communism. And this is wishful thinking of the most egregious kind. Whether or not the United States should attempt to overthrow Fidel Castro is another question—but that any Latin American nation can free itself from Communism, without the help of the United States, is nonsense. To repeat: Despite Señor Rosenthal, Guatemala didn't.

The author's picture of Guatemala under Ydigoras (he calls it "an emergent Latin-American democracy") is equally divorced from reality. Since January, Guatemala City has been in a continual uproar against Ydigoras, and Ydigoras has been able to stay in power only because the army sees no alternative to him except former President Juan José Arevalo, the man who opened the way to Communism in the country. Since January, Ydigoras has kept Guatemala City under an almost constant "state of siege."

One of the charges of the opposition is that Ydigoras stole last year's congressional elections. This may or may not be true, and it's hardly worth discussing. There can't be any such thing as a real election in Guatemala. Two-thirds of the population is Indian, leading a life that has changed but little in the past 400 years, completely ignorant of what is happening in Guatemala City and caring even less. More than 70 per cent of the population (according to UNESCO) can't read or write.

More serious is the opposition's charge that Ydigoras has used his office to make his son Miguelito and his Scottish son-in-law millionaires. This charge is true. And it is characteristic of the nature of democracy in Guatemala that Robert Rosenhouse, a *Time* correspondent, had to flee the country after writing a story about the corruption of the Ydigoras administration.

Señor Rosenthal ridicules those correspondents who have expressed the fear that Guatemala may turn left after Ydigoras leaves office. In this correspondent's opinion, the fear is justified. Far from being "an emergent Latin-American democracy," Guatemala under Ydigoras is a smelly mess. It's nowhere near as bad as Cuba was under Fulgencio Batista, but it's so bad that almost anything could happen.

Belles-Lettres

Continued from page 43

themselves have permeated literature since Dostoevsky. And who have dramatized more brilliantly than Lawrence Malcolm Lowry, and Djuna Barnes—to take three very different writers—the fragility of an illusory identity? Wylie Sypher has perhaps limited himself too much to Continental experimentalists.

The endgame of annihilation has been played as violently by Samuel Beckett as by anyone—a major figure in obstinacy at least, though perhaps a more derivative writer (derivative from Stein and surrealism as well as from Joyce) than is commonly recognized. Ruby Cohn's methodical, serious summary will be of real importance to future critics of Beckett's work. Her careful study of the self-translations is of genuine value. But if Wylie Sypher's book is too short, Ruby Cohn's is surely too long, and too humorless in its anatomy of humor. "Samuel Beckett" has at times the Ph.D. dissertation's ruthless impulse to document, as if to reduce by barrage of quotation the skepticism of the reader. Ruby Cohn, like Sypher, pays too little attention to the moment-by-moment effect on the feelings of the reader, on the movement of his anxieties. Finally, one must regret that there is so little formal biographical information, so little literary history. These are more important than usual where the writer is so derivative; or, at least, so representative of his time.

The important task Ruby Cohn does accomplish—a total, clear summary of the writings—shows how continually, ruthlessly, ingeniously Beckett returned to his game of blending and dissolving identities—a process perhaps culminating in "The Unnamable" and in *"Comment C'est"* of 1961. The Unnamable, in his precarious identity, can wonder whether he casts a shadow, though lacking a body. There is occasional pressure on his rump and on the soles of his feet, so perhaps he is seated. "Malone at the end and the Unnamable at the beginning, of their respective works, are seeking to impose the peace of non-being upon existence as they, as we, know it." In *"Comment C'est"* the "I" is a man on his belly in the mud, with a sack tied around his neck, making brief movements of the lower face. Do these ultimate reductions of the human reveal rather than mask despair, as Ruby Cohn suggests? We cannot say so based on the limited evidence given here; this remains for another book to decide. For may not these r ductions also be, in part, the workings of a creative pleasure, of a fecund and sadistic irony, of a sheer delight in black humor and grotesque-making?

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Literary Sampler

Continued from page 25

tracks of these entirely unimportant, not to say foolish, pictures that filled a gap in the American market. Germans like them, too. Rome became as busy a center of film making as Hollywood ever was.
–From "The Dreams and the Dreamers," by Hollis Alpert, to be published in November by Macmillan.

Tone of Genius

THE MAIN point about Gattling's Limelight Play was, of course, its essential modesty. He was one of the most ignorant and ill-educated men I have ever met, and it was therefore always a particular pleasure to hear him say, to a perfectly ordinary question, "I don't know," slowly, kindly and distinctly. He was able to indicate, by his tone of voice, that although he knew practically everything about practically everything, and almost everything about this really, yet the mere fact that he knew such a tremendous lot about it made him realize, as we couldn't possibly, that the question was so inextricably two-sided that only a smart-Alec would ever dream of trying to pass judgment either way.
–From "Three-Upmanship," by Stephen Potter, to be published this month by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

The Desperate Gamble

THE WARFARE State had been born. It had used the menace of Russia to draw the rigid lines of the Cold War. It had become, though few persons yet realized it, the new American way of life—a way that had all the elements of fantasy on a national scale. As a people we continued to think of ourselves as a peace-loving nation of our past while at the same time, as a people, we lived off the treacherous bounty that the Warfare State had created. We did this, for the most part, in blissful unawareness that we were doing it, and even when events like Korea jogged us into momentary wakefulness, we bothered not to analyze ourselves or to examine in any detail what this warfare monster we had created might entail. Yet the tremendous economic power, the insidious influence of the Warfare State must be understood if we are ever to understand ourselves; and it goes almost without saying that, unless we can bring to world events this kind of self-understanding, we can never hope for peace. For the Warfare State represents a desperate gamble—the gamble that we can keep the Cold War race going, in the name of our own economic status quo and economic prosperity, without destroying ourselves and the world—and if the insanity of this gamble is ever to be reduced, we must appreciate that we, at least as much as Russia, bear the responsibility for its existence.
–From "The Warfare State," by Fred Cook, published this month by Macmillan.

Three Dissenters

I MET three people in Russia who could be described as fundamentally out of sympathy with the social system under which they lived. Since I did not go looking for such people, it may be that the proportion—three out of about a hundred personal encounters—has some rough accuracy. One was an intellectual who judged a society by its culture. His spiritual home was so plainly in the West, and his feelings of mental isolation so painfully obvious, that he was the exact counterpart of an American Communist—especially in the sardonic fury with which he denounced the rest of the population as brainless sheep. The other two malcontents were old women, living in a poverty that was unlikely to be much relieved during what remained of their lives, and who thus denied the reality of improvements that had passed them by. A Soviet loyalist would say that these three had set themselves apart from mass opinion, and with some justice. There is a difference, not of degree but of kind, between criticism and rejection. I have met, aside from the three just mentioned, Russians who were aware of all kinds of injustice and mismanagement; who knew, and said, that life was much better in the West; who knew, and said, that their newspapers were full of lies. At the same time, they were in no doubt at all that they were living in a basically good society.
–From "The Antagonists," by Mervyn Jones, to be published this month by Clarkson N. Potter.

Not in Hatred, but in Love

BY A long course of prayerful discipline I have ceased for over forty years to hate anybody. I know this is a big claim. . . . But I can and do hate evil wherever it exists. I hate the system of Government the British people have set up in India. I hate the domineering manner of Englishmen as a class in India. I hate the ruthless exploitation of India even as I hate from the bottom of my heart the hideous system of untouchability for which millions of Hindus have made themselves responsible. But I do not hate the domineering Englishmen as I re-

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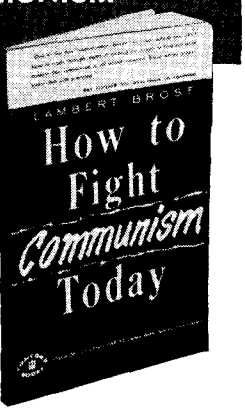

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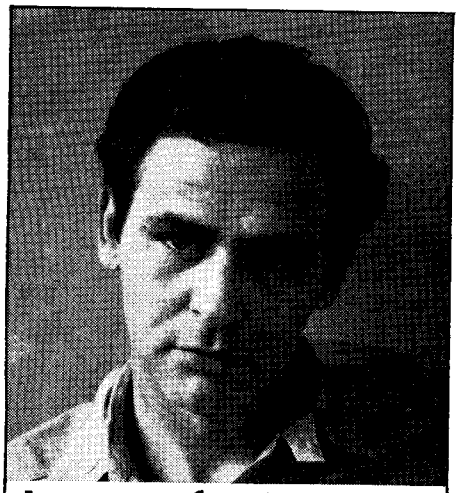

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fuse to hate the domineering Hindus. I seek to reform them in all the loving ways that are open to me. My Non-cooperation has its root not in hatred, but in love. . . .

Mine is not an exclusive love. I cannot love Moslems or Hindus and hate Englishmen. For if I love merely Hindus and Moslems because their ways are on the whole pleasing to me, I shall soon begin to hate them when their ways displease me, as they may well do any moment. A love that is based on the goodness of those whom you love is a mercenary affair. . . .

. . . Mutual love enables Nature to persist. Man does not live by destruction. Self-love compels regard for others. Nations cohere because there is mutual regard among individuals composing them. Some day we must extend the national law to the universe, even as we have extended the family law to form nations—a larger family.
—*From "The Essential Gandhi: An Anthology," edited by Louis Fischer, to be published this month by Random House.*

Obit for Typography

"THAT damn fool Itzhak," Mr. Greenbutter, editor of *The Daily Fence* fumed. "I told him a hundred times if I told him once not to use Bodoni type, and now he set the trade-union article throughout in six-point Bodoni."

Muttering under his breath, he scribbled a hurried note for the typesetter: "Itzhak, Bodoni is no more in use (trade union)." To make sure the note would be seen, Mr. Greenbutter framed it with a few bold strokes of his blue pencil. Then he hurried to dinner at the Spiegels'. He was fifteen minutes late already.

When Mr. Greenbutter opened the Fence next morning, he jumped out of bed as if it were on fire. Glaring at him from the front page was the following three-column obituary notice in a thick black frame:

ITZHAK BODONI
Is no more
He passed away in the U.S.A.
THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF JEWISH LABOR

Trembling with apprehension and anger, Mr. Greenbutter hurried to the office, but there Itzhak, after listening for a while to Mr. Greenbutter's flow of invective, produced last night's note, which he had rewritten only slightly from the given cues.
—*From "Noah's Ark, Tourist Class," by Ephraim Kishon, to be published this month by Atheneum.*

Editorial

Continued from page 28

tempt to seize the Suez Canal by force, President Eisenhower denounced this action by our allies. He properly reminded the world that the big issue of our age is whether nations can be restrained from using force when they believe it is in their national interest to do so. He said that the United States could not accept a double standard under which it would denounce the use of such force by its foes but condone this practice by its friends. He said he recognized that great provocations produced great temptations but urged that all nations accept the fact that justice in today's world is possible only under law.

What, then, do we do about Cuba? Is there no way to keep the Soviet Union from continuing with its build-up of material and personnel? Do we just sit back and wait?

Whatever we do or don't do, one thing is certain. We will not reduce the danger by listening to the same people who hatched and backed the abortive invasion of April, 1961, which only resulted in the kind of Soviet involvement in Cuba that the U.S. is concerned about today.

The next thing we can do is to divide the problem into its two major parts.

First, on the matter of Cuba's becoming a base for offensive action against the United States: the Soviet Union does not need Cuba for this purpose. Its long-range missiles and its large submarine fleet, equipped with missile-launching devices, make it unnecessary for the Soviet Union to look to Cuba. President Kennedy has stated that the military equipment being shipped to Cuba has no offensive capabilities.

Second, on the matter of Cuba's becoming a base for Soviet political and ideological action in the Western Hemisphere: this is a substantial and growing problem. The best chance for meeting it is by doubling and redoubling the efforts going into the Alliance for Progress. Living and social conditions throughout much of Latin America are explosive. Unless an imaginative, vigorous, and adequate program is mounted for meeting the revolutionary situation that exists in Latin America, the Communist infection will spread—no matter what happens to Cuba.

There are no easy answers to Cuba. The biggest part of the problem at the moment is how to keep the virus in check. We have some chance of doing this by intensifying and multiplying all the non-military approaches. We have no chance at all by shooting from the hip.
—N.C.

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—Doug Anderson.

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Science in Books • Personality Portrait LXXIX • The Research Frontier

ARTICLE: On Medical Evolution

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

HUMAN GUINEA PIGS AND THE LAW

SITTING as an International Tribunal in the German city of Nuremberg on 19 August 1947, three American jurists pronounced a judgment on a human right which theretofore had been neglected in the law.

In "medical experiments on human beings," these judges ruled, "certain basic principles must be observed in order to satisfy moral, ethical and legal concepts." Foremost among the principles, the court declared, was:

"NUREMBERG RULE NO. 1. *The voluntary consent of the human subject is absolutely essential.*

"This means that the person involved should have legal capacity to give consent; should be so situated as to be able to exercise free power of choice, without the intervention of any element of force, fraud, deceit, duress, over-reaching, or other ulterior form of constraint or coercion; and should have sufficient knowledge and comprehension of the elements of the subject matter involved as to enable him to make an understanding and enlightened decision. This latter element requires that before the acceptance of an affirmative decision by the experimental subject there should be made known to him the nature, duration, and purpose of the experiment; the method and means by which it is to be conducted; all inconveniences and hazards reasonably to be expected; and the effects upon his health or person which may possibly come from his participation in the experiments.

"The duty and responsibility for ascertaining the quality of the consent rests upon each individual who initiates, directs or engages in the experiment. It is a personal duty and responsibility which may not be delegated to another with impunity."

Nine other rules governing experimentation on humans were formulated in the Nuremberg judgment, all subservient to the first principle.

Seven men—four of them physicians—were hanged for transgressing that first principle in administering drugs to and performing surgical operations upon Jewish, Catholic and other political prisoners of the Nazi German regime. Nine more participants in the Nazi experiments were sentenced to imprisonment for life. One woman defendant got off lightly with a sentence of twenty years.

Nowhere was a voice raised to protest that these extreme punishments were unjust.

Now the three American judges who made up the Nuremberg Tribunal did not limit their decision to the German people. They did not say the principles applied only to those of Nazi mentality. They did not say a physician would violate the law only if he experimented selectively on particular people. "The person involved" was the phrase chosen to designate whom the court had in mind to share the newly stated legal right—any person, anywhere, anytime.

Yet fifteen years afterward, as these words are set down in late September 1962, it is legally permissible here in America for any physician—and even for people who have no medical training—to experiment with drugs on unsuspecting fellow men.

Readers of this magazine are familiar with the brutalities practiced in the Ravensbrueck concentration camp. SR was instrumental in bringing some of the victims of those horrors to the United States for medical and surgical alleviation of long continued suffering. There can be no comparison between the deliberate cruelty of the Nazi regime toward those unfortunate people and what is happening now in the United States. Nevertheless, it is important to recognize that, for whatever justification, people are being used here as unwitting guinea pigs in medical experiments.

Morally bankrupt though it was, the condemned Nazi doctors had an excuse which to them could have seemed logical in a nationalistically divided world: they did what the Hitler state decreed for what the state declared to be the common good. Authority over today's drug experiments on human guinea pigs in America is turned over wholesale by the U. S. Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act to the drugmakers.

"As a layman in legal matters," Dr. Henry K. Beecher, of Harvard University, wrote in his little book, "Experimentation in Man" (published by Charles C. Thomas at Springfield, Ill.), "it is puzzling . . . why the opinions expressed and judgments rendered by the Nuremberg Military Tribunals concerning human experimentation cannot be construed as legal precedents." However, he added, this is "evidently not the case."

The Federal law is silent on this guarantee of personal dignity. Anyone who deplores the silence is told that patients are protected from exploitation by the laws of the states. But the laws of the states are equally silent, as the Hon. Jacob Javits, U. S. Senator from New York, revealed by querying the Library of Congress during the August 1962 debate which ended in passage of Senator Estes Kefauver's new drug bill by a vote of 78-0. The only real protection a patient has against being used as a guinea pig against his will is the conscience of the more ethical members of the medical profession and the fear less ethical doctors have of malpractice suits. The conscience is powerful where it exists; the fear is diluted by knowledge that a patient cannot carry

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a malpractice action to successful conclusion in the courts without first being able to ascertain that an experimental drug was in fact used on him. The patient is helpless to retaliate unless he happens upon evidence that cannot be hidden—like babies crippled by the hypnotic drug thalidomide.

It is bad enough that America's own laws should mock the human ideals professed on behalf of the American people at Nuremberg. It is infinitely worse that many American physicians are now under the duress of drug house telegrams and letters exhorting opposition to Congressional attempts to bring the law of this country into line with the standards set during prosecution of the Nazi excesses in Germany.

THERE is a curious parallel here with the case of Henry Welch, Ph.D., the U.S. Food and Drug Administration antibiotic division chief who lost his job after being discovered in the private pay of antibiotics promotion journals. Dr. Welch became associated with those journals after a meeting between the original co-owner of them and Dr. Arthur Sackler, a psychiatrist who chairs the board of William Douglas McAdams, Inc., the biggest drug advertising agency in America (see *SR*/3 March 1962). And the recent incitement of medical opposition to Congressional restriction on unlimited freedom in doctors' use of human guinea pigs has centered in a series of reports in *Medical Tribune*, a paramedical newspaper that was founded by Dr. Arthur Sackler among others and has been serviced editorially by an oganization owned by Dr. Arthur Sackler.

"The passage of laws requiring written or verbal agreement before the administration of any new drug may retard medical progress *in unpredictable ways*," Dr. Louis Lasagna, himself an experimenter on humans, wrote editorially in inaugurating the *Medical Tribune* drive against reform in experimentation. "This stipulation—on its face so reasonable a request—is one which many responsible and ethical investigators have discussed at length and rejected, for reasons both subtle and complex," he added.

The italics are mine, and will be set aside for discussion following an examination of the perspective *Medical Tribune* applied to Dr. Lasagna's published remarks.

"Public response to the thalidomide episode" had been "frenzied," his editorial declared. "The criticisms are based on experience with a drug for which pre-human toxicity data were, by any criterion except the most flagrant abuse of hindsight, quite adequate to justify human experimentation."

Medical Tribune published no accompanying note that Dr. Frances Oldham Kelsey, the FDA physician who kept thalidomide off the American market, acted on foresight rather than on hindsight. She predicted the possibility of monstrous babies before these pitiable creatures appeared. Her reasoning was thoroughly scientific, derived from reports of the damaging effect of thalidomide on peripheral nerves of people who took the drug habitually. She knew that embryonic nerves are far more sensitive to damage than are adult nerves.

Medical Tribune also omitted to mention another important fact. This missing fact was that while Dr. Kelsey was battling the aggressive marketing tactics of the William S. Merrell Company (see *SR*/1 September 1962), a panel of medical specialists was convened at Merrell's insistence to argue the question: Should thalidomide be allowed to go on sale? Dr. Lasagna was on that panel. He favored "giving the drug a try" on the market. Dr. Kelsey insisted on more data about pregnancy. Later, he agreed that her position had been justified.

Medical Tribune published without dissent Dr. Lasagna's statement of "one final paradox: On the basis of the best available information, Marilyn Monroe would be alive today if she had been given thalidomide instead of barbiturates for sedation." Yet the editors of *Medical Tribune* surely must have been aware that one cause of Marilyn Monroe's unhappiness had to do with miscarriage, a problem which hardly would have been corrected by thalidomide. Furthermore, the published record of thalidomide's side effects suggests very strongly that if Marilyn Monroe had taken thalidomide as often as she took the sleeping pills

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

THE UNFINISHED STORY

I AM APPALLED at the disclosures in the thalidomide articles in your issue of September 1st.

I hope all your readers will do as I am doing: write to the President and their representatives in Congress to urge them to do a thorough job of house-cleaning of the FDA.

BEULAH FLEBBE

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

AS PRESIDENT KENNEDY, with the immense approval of the nation, has bestowed the highest available honor upon Dr. Frances Oldham Kelsey, it would be no less than appropriate if the William S. Merrell Company, in place of grudging silence after the removal of thalidomide from the United States market, were to offer a suitable benefaction in her name. Perhaps, fittingly, their gratefulness for having been spared by this woman the responsibility for the birth of human grotesqueries by the thousands should take the form of a grant to be used for training men and women in the kind of careful research which Dr. Kelsey's work personifies.

DOUGLAS RIGBY

Sedona, Arizona

YOUR COVERAGE of the thalidomide horror was excellent—and disturbing. It would seem that for all their protestations to the contrary the modern drug companies have as little interest in their customers' welfare as the Yankee pedlar of earlier days.

Recently, corporate executives have been fined and sent to jail in a price-fixing suit in the electrical industry. Why not apply the same logic to the drug industry? When unsuspecting patients are killed by poorly tested drugs, try the responsible officials in drug companies for manslaughter.

SCOTT E. PARDEE

Orange, Conn.

THE THALIDOMIDE STORY brings to focus a long and much needed reform in the relationship of physician to patient, not only with regard to drugs which are prescribed on the "experimental" basis, but drugs prescribed at all times.

Some of the thalidomide drug is still "at large" because the patients do not know the name of the medicine they have been given.

Seldom does the physician divulge to the patient the content and the intended effects of a prescription. Often does the physician resent an inquiry by the patient as to the content and the expected effects of a prescription. (One may get some information from the pharmacist.)

Some advantages in the patient knowing the content and expected effect of medicines prescribed are: 1) that he may avoid medicines with which he has previously experienced adverse effects; 2) that he may know medicines which have given satisfactory results and might do so again, if he experiences a recurrence of the illness; 3) that he may report effects of prescribed medicine to the physician for purposes of follow-up procedure, which should be required; 4) that he may know the effects and possible dangerous effect resulting from the consumption of medicine taken accidentally by child or adult; 5) that as a parent, he may be intelligently guided in the care of the child taking prescribed medicine.

BEATRICE L. OLSON

Tallahassee, Fla.

LOVE STORIES rarely make the *SR*/Research Section, so when one does readers are (or ought to be) curious as to the outcome. What finally happened to the "courtship" of Doctors Eppes Wayles Browne, Jr. and Barbara Moulton?

I. LEONARD FASS

Stockton, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Barbara Moulton and Dr. Eppes Wayles Browne, Jr. were wed on 30 March 1962. Dr. Frances Kelsey attended the ceremony.*

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A DRUG COMPANY EMPLOYE in the Philadelphia neighborhood writes that there is nothing in his experience to persuade him that his company or companies comparable to it misrepresent anything in the course of marketing drugs.

The behavior of his company cannot be analyzed here because he neglected to name it. But one drug house in the Philadelphia area is Smith, Kline and French.

Smith, Kline and French distributed widely a four-page memo pleading for a period of waiting and thinking rather than acting quickly to change the drug laws under the emotional impact of the thalidomide story. Nowhere in the memo did Smith, Kline and French say that it was in any way involved with thalidomide. However, the hearing record of U.S. Senator Hubert Humphrey's committee on intergovernmental agency communications shows that in 1956 and 1957 Smith, Kline and French gave thalidomide to sixty-seven doctors, who gave it to 875 patients in an experiment encompassing eleven states.

Smith, Kline and French says no crippled babies resulted from its experiments. FDA spokesmen say nine babies are now "suspected" to have been born crippled after their mothers took Merrill's thalidomide pills: six in Ohio, one in North Carolina, two in Maryland.

available to her, her shapely assets might have been paralyzed.

I return now to the italics inserted in Dr. Lasagna's remark about the threat of retarding medical progress by giving patients an opportunity to object to being experimented on. The threat exists, Dr. Lasagna told readers of *Medical Tribune*, "in unpredictable ways." Is this a scientific statement? Has it any bearing on a discussion in which a few physicians who benefit personally from experimenting on humans are pleading to be left free of "unscientific" restraints?

In its zeal to emphasize sympathy within the medical profession for the anti-reform campaign being conducted in Congress by drugmakers whose advertisements Dr. Arthur Sackler's ad agency writes, *Medical Tribune* published a photograph of Dr. Walter Modell, noted New York pharmacologist, its front page under a headline praising Dr. Lasagna's editorial. Readers who turned the page to learn what Dr. Modell said were surprised to discover that he did not in fact support the Lasagna view. Alongside the photograph of Dr. Modell, *Medical Tribune* published a picture of Dr. Dale Friend, a prominent clinical drug experimenter in Boston. Dr. Friend was quoted in enthusiastic agreement with Dr. Lasagna's statements.

By coincidence, Dr. Friend's name also was mentioned in a brochure many physicians throughout the country received from a Wall Street stock brokerage firm. The brochure invited doctors to invest in a new mutual stock fund (Medical Securities Fund, Inc.) made up entirely of medical stocks. Dr. Friend, the brochure said, would belong to the fund's "technical advisory board," whose members "will be called on from time to time to keep the board of directors [of the fund] informed of the latest developments and changing trends in areas of their respective special competences."

Drug houses for a long time past have made a practice of planting advance "tips" regarding new drugs in Wall Street. Senator Kefauver's drug investigation transcript includes a detailed description of elaborate pre-marketing maneuvers engaged in by "public relations" agencies created by Dr. Arthur Sackler as adjuncts to the William Douglas McAdams drug ad agency. But the announcement of Dr. Friend's relationship to the Medical Securities Fund, Inc. is the first suggestion any broker has made that supposedly independent physicians who are performing experiments on people with new and not yet officially approved drugs might put their special knowledge at the disposal of others in the medical profession for investment purposes.

Even in absence of such disquieting happenings, it would seem time for the medical profession to re-examine the extent of a doctor's right to invade the privacy of a patient unbidden. Such powers belong to ages of superstition, to philosophies of divine privilege.

In the Congress, at the encouragement of two organizations of consumers —the National Health Federation (which cited the Nuremberg judgment) and the Federation of Homemakers— the House committee headed by Congressman Oren Harris, of Arkansas, has had the political courage to write into its new drug bill the patient's right to be informed of the nature of his medical treatment. The American people deserve as much from the whole membership of the House, from the Senate and from the President.

The American Medical Association professes a rule against experiments without permission of the experimental subject. There can be no reasonable objection to writing that rule into law.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

ON MEDICAL EVOLUTION

A Physician's View

By LESTER S. KING, M.D.

IT is, of course, just as absurd to consider associations and guilds purely selfish as to believe them purely altruistic. The basic purpose of a guild is indeed self-interest, yet in achieving personal ends the good of society may also be substantially advanced. A guild represents a pact. Society grants a monopoly, and some means of enforcing this favored position. In return the guild must supply a satisfactory quality of service. The concept "satisfactory" is, unfortunately, very indefinite. There has been a continuous tendency, manifest even today, for a guild to maintain that "what is good for our guild is good for the country." This proposition, however, usually arouses struggles to find out *whose* good is involved.

The first medical fraternity dates back to early Greek history, when physicians banded together as the "Sons of Aesculapius." The mythical Aesculapius, great physician, patron of physicians, later a god, had a mortal mother. His father was the god Apollo. When the ancient Greeks (who were ignorant of DNA) wanted to account for genius, the most likely explanation was that some god was the father. And since the Greeks were a very talented people, the Greek gods must have been quite busy. According to Greek mythology, Coronis, after a liaison with Apollo, later consoled herself with a mere mortal. Apollo, quite furious, slew the girl. When she was on her funeral pyre, he relented for the unborn babe. Performing a hurried and not too well described operation, Apollo rescued the unborn infant, Aesculapius, and handed him over to Chiron the Centaur for his education. Chiron, a one-man medical faculty, trained Aesculapius to become the most skillful of physicians.

Although some later Greek physicians were extremely well educated, medicine in general was a lowly profession. Prac-

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titioners were often slaves, or poorly educated, itinerant freemen. To obtain greater recognition and respect, they banded together as the Sons of Aesculapius and depended largely on the prestige of their divine patron.

IT is a far cry from the Sons of Aesculapius to present-day medical societies. The modern structure of medical group associations developed by way of the medieval guilds. These guilds, we must recall, were in no sense altruistic. Their basic aim was to regulate competition for the benefit of their own members. They sought monopolies: their members alone, they felt, should be privileged to carry on a particular activity, whether as barber, fishmonger, pharmacist or banker. In return for the monopoly, society exacted certain compensations: the guilds had to guarantee the competence of the workers, and exert "quality control." The history of guilds reveals perpetual conflict between rival groups, between rivals within the same group, and between a favored group and the public.

By the later middle ages there were three fairly distinct groups competing in medical practice: physicians with long formal university training; apothecaries and barber surgeons with some degree of apprenticeship and experience; and "empirics" or "quacks," without qualification or formal training, who nevertheless treated disease. There were no clear-cut areas of jurisdiction, and truly free competition prevailed. Trained persons, whose services were costly, could not unaided compete with the less well trained, whose services were cheaper. Guilds were needed to establish clear lines of demarcation, prescribe rules of membership, enforce jurisdictional limits, restrict competition and secure monopolies. This could not be achieved without royal cooperation

In early 15th-century England, a group of physicians petitioned the king to restrict the practice of medicine to those who had attended "scholes of Fisyk"; and, in 1423, a group of physicians and surgeons besought the king to "suppress quacks and empiricks and the knavish men and women who doe presume to practice some sort of Physick." These petitions were granted, but there was no enforcement. The situation became worse. In 1511, King Henry VIII—presumably at the urging of physicians—lamented that "physick" and surgery were "exercised by a great multitude of ignorant persons of whom the greater part have no manner of insight in the same, nor any other kind of learning . . . to the high displeasure of God, great infamy to the Faculty, and the grievous hurt, damage, and destruction of many of the King's Liege people. . . . " As remedy, King Henry

The accompanying article was originally published in the Harvard Medical Alumni Bulletin. Doctor King is associated with the University of Illinois College of Medicine.

decreed examinations for those who wanted to practice medicine in or near London. It is doubtful that the displeasure of God played any part in this regulation; rather, the displeasure of the physicians was almost certainly the moving force. A full-fledged guild was the only answer. In 1522-23 the College of Physicians was incorporated.

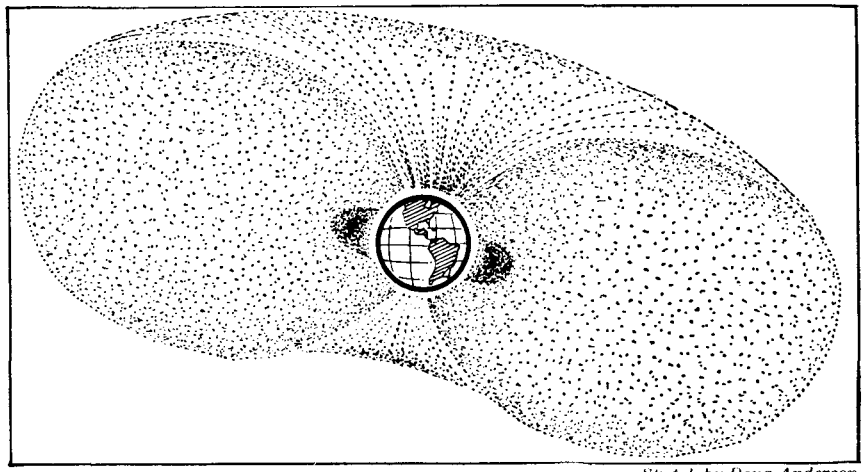
Surgeons had their own organization, but its reputation was not too sweet. The Barbers' Company, established in 1462, had many surgeon members. By 1540, the United Company of Barber-Surgeons was incorporated, giving the surgeons higher professional recognition. However, it seems that they abused their privileges and exploited the monopoly for selfish ends, for in 1542 the king cancelled some of the privileges previously granted.

Apothecaries, belonging to the Grocers Company, had long tried to secure independent status, and by 1617 achieved separate incorporation as "The Worshipful Society of the Art and Mistery of the Apothecaries." By this time competition among the "medical" guilds was quite severe. Membership qualifications were quite explicit but there was definite conflict over jurisdiction. Each group tried to arrogate to itself as wide an area as possible and accused the other groups of rapacity and selfishness. Meanwhile, the empirics continued to flourish. If the various guilds could not satisfy the vast medical needs of the community—and high fees were one major difficulty—then empirics and quacks rushed in to fill the void.

Perhaps the nadir of professional relationships was reached at the end of the 17th and the early 18th centuries when violent quarrels exploded between the physicians and the apothecaries. It is obvious today that both groups abused the public, and masked atrociously selfish practices by alleged concern for public welfare. The lawsuit between a butcher named Seal, and an apothecary named Rose, became a *cause célèbre*, in which the true antagonists were the College of Physicians and the Society of Apothecaries. As a result of this suit, Parliament broke the monopoly of the physicians' guild. Apothecaries were admitted to medical practice.

IT is important to appreciate the similarities between the guilds of medicine and those of other trades and professions. Historically, there have occurred the same jockeying for position, power politics, abuse of monopolies, jurisdictional disputes, and techniques of aggrandizement. Occasionally there have been glaring conflicts with the public interest which required for correction the intervention of community authority. There have also been signal benefits. Each guild must present its own balance sheet.

In general, guilds have been disinclined to change despite environmental changes. The decline of the trade guilds during the industrial revolution, when a new way of life emerged, illustrates a failure of adaptation to circumstances. Present-day events are producing technological and social changes which may affect medical organizations as severely as, in the nineteenth century, industrialization affected the trade guilds. The lesson we should learn from history is that the alternative to adaptation is destruction.



—*Sketch by Doug Anderson*

THE SPACE BOMB EXPLODED OVER JOHNSTON ISLAND on 9 July 1962 has justified the fears of scientists who suspected the blast might have a lasting effect on earth's magnetosphere. Contrary to the glib assurances of military experimenters, the bomb intensified radiation surrounding earth, as indicated by darkened arcs in sketch above. Instruments aboard several observational satellites have been silenced. Now that the damage is done, National Aeronautics and Space Administration has authorized a special space probe to determine what happened and why.

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WHEN THE SAHARA DESERT WAS GREEN, STONES TALKED TO THE BREAKING DAWN

And Men Ate Hippopotami Like Chickens in Africa's Fabulously Sophisticated Past

LEO FROBENIUS, one of the greatest pioneers of African archaeology, has written that "when the first European navigators arrived in the Bay of Guinea and landed at Vaida at the end of the Middle Ages, the captains were amazed to find well laid out streets, edged for several leagues by double lines of trees; for days they travelled through a countryside covered with lovely fields where the inhabitants wore gorgeous costumes made of materials which they had woven themselves. Further south, in the kingdom of the Congo, there was a swarming population dressed in 'silk' and 'velvet,' there were well run states—even to the last detail, powerful rulers and thriving trade. They were civilized here to the marrow of their bones! Much the same thing was to be found in countries on the east coast like Mozambique. The accounts given by the navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries provide certain proof that Negro Africa, which reached up to the south of the Sahara, was still thriving in the glory of peaceful civilizations.

"The European conquistadors brought an end to its flowering as they progressed, for the new countries of the Americas needed slaves and Africa offered them—hundreds and thousands, full cargoes of slaves. But the slave trade was not gilt-edged; it had to have its justification and the Negro was therefore treated as little more than an animal, a commodity. This also led to the invention of the fetish (from Portuguese '*feticerio*') as the symbol of African religion—but the trade-mark of the invention was European. Personally I have never seen the natives worshipping fetishes in any part of Negro Africa. The notion of the 'black savage' is a European invention which consequently prevailed in Europe up to the beginning of this century."

Today the barbarity of the Africans is no longer regarded as a primitive level of culture but, on the contrary, as a regression. Modern theories which present the Negro as degenerate rather than primitive are coming increasingly into favor; for the Africans reveal a highly developed civilization of soul which is reflected in their mythology, their cosmic theories, their religious rites and poems of mystic grandeur.

Materially, perhaps, the Africans are degenerate. Morally and intellectually this is less certain, and the work of men like Frobenius shows that they have high traditions closely connected with the beliefs we encounter in ancient Egypt, Mesopotamia and Elam—in fact, in all the great ancestral centers of Mediterranean civilization. African culture's great superiority, as Frobenius has clearly shown, lay in the holiness with which it imbued everything it created. "Whoever comes close enough to it to understand it fully will quickly recognize that it prevails over the whole of Africa as the very expression of its being. It is obvious in the actions of the Negro races just as it is in their art; it is proclaimed in their dances and their masks, in their religious consciousness and in their ways of living; their modes of government and their patterns of life as peoples. It lives in their fables, their fairy tales, their legends and their myths. Having accepted this, if we compare these characteristics with those of Egypt, would it not be true to say that the principle which applies to Negro Africa defines the essence of Egyptian civilization as well? For there was surely the same deliberate severity of style, the same directness and solemnity in the art of pre-Islamic Egypt. All the countries of Africa have in common their multiplicity of languages, their tranquillity and their joy in living, but today, as in the distant past, it is through rigid solemnity of style that they find their fullest spiritual expression. When once it had come into existence, this style was compelled to maintain its individuality. There is a magic in it which derives from the mystery and remoteness of its origins. Can it be possible to grasp the spiritual essence of something so far removed in time?"

This helps us to understand the important problems facing the archaeologist when he comes to the African continent in search of the form and significance of her lost civilizations. How, for instance, can we explain the discovery of Ife, in the country of the Yorubas, of the solemn, magnificent clay heads, which are quite unlike anything else found so far? They are beautifully finished and have probably come down to us from remote antiquity. At times they achieve the perfection of ancient Egyptian sculpture and at first seem reminiscent of it, but in their relief, in the treatment of their eyes and hair, and in the very *life* which breathes through them, these heads retain a profound and unassailable originality. They may well date back to the second millennium B.C., and were probably made by the ancestors of the modern Yorubas; they seem indeed to have a distant collateral kinship with the bronzes of Benin which have similar ethnic features. Yet the most striking thing about the Ife heads is that they are quite unique; it is impossible to classify them or place them in any familiar category. And whenever we find the remains of an ancient African civilization, we meet the same stumbling block—we are compelled to accept the African phenomenon as it is, to measure it by its own standards and judge it by its own criteria.

IN Africa more than anywhere else, we must resign ourselves to remaining in ignorance. We must bow to the fact that our questions go unanswered, for the time being at all events, and our curiosity unsatisfied. In many ways, Africa is still an unknown country "where there are lions," for her ancient peoples, even those who left monuments and works of art, did no writing. All that has survived of them lives in legend and popular tradition; but in them there are none of the *concrete*

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facts so dear to the European, but a poetic or mystical transposition, a kind of symbolism from which it is impossible to extract clear historical outline.

YET we must take courage in the knowledge that African archaeology is still quite a young study. Perhaps future discoveries will yield us the secrets of the dead cities of Somaliland, and we shall know the race of men whose rock carvings are scattered in thousands over the whole continent, from the Mediterranean to the Cape.

Abyssinia still has many secrets and we have yet to discover which ancient civilizations lived on its high plateaux. The area of the great lakes in South Africa seems also to have been an extremely important cultural center. And chance discoveries, such as those made in mines, have revealed the noble yet delicate work of an ancient and cultivated civilization. There is ample proof of this in the sculpture of the Nok Valley in Northern Nigeria. It shows a striking relationship with the heads found in the Wamba tin mines. Together with the discoveries at Jemaa in 1947 and 1948, these heads, with their curious, violently expressive art—almost caricatures—confront us with new problems. First of all it is very difficult to

From Ife, a head that breathes

date them. It cannot be assumed from the flint tools found on these sites that the people who used them did not know how to work with metal, for metal and stone were often used at one and the same time, and stone was frequently retained for ritual purposes long after it had been dropped from everyday use.

From stylistic features, it seems that we can group the sculptural techniques of Nok, Wamba and Jemaa, the masks of the Yoruba and the wooden carvings still found today among the Dans of the French Ivory Coast or the Balubas of the Congo. Indeed, it is not impossible that there is a connection between Nigerian civilization and the culture of Ife which we mentioned earlier. In Africa traditionally recurring forms and styles provide an element of continuity which binds the art of the present very firmly to that of the past. According to the findings of Bernard Fagg, an archaeologist in the service of the government of Nigeria, these original and remarkably executed statues probably date back to the middle of the first millennium B.C.

Today we are barely on the threshold of knowing something of the nature of these great African civilizations, some of which were absorbed by desert sand or the luxuriant vegetation of the jungle, and more often destroyed by invaders. Great empires with a culture of their own were probably lost in this way, leaving remains which archaeologists are now gradually discovering. It may be that these civilizations were as advanced as those of Egypt or Mesopotamia, covering an area just as great and lasting for hundreds if not thousands of years.

In certain regions there are the ruins of large cities such as Zimbabwe in South Africa to suggest that empires now dead had once lived there. Almost as important are the ruins of Dzata in Rhodesia, which are inhabited by the Makhwindas, a branch of the Bavenda people. The strongholds and ramparts of Ijebu Ode in the country of the Yorubas may be the remains of a proud capital which legend tells us was founded and built by the daughter of the Queen of Sheba. And there may also have been a great Nubian empire on the Atlantic (D. P. de Pedrals reminds us of this theory) originating from Nubia itself to which Egyptian civilization seems to owe so much. It is probable that Nubian invaders conquered a large part of Africa and even penetrated as far as Dahomey where many traditions recalling their supremacy still persist.

There are other areas where burial grounds provide interesting evidence of lost or degenerate peoples. At Krinjabo on the Ivory Coast, for example, a large number of statuettes have been found which represent the dead in a style both realistic and highly conventionalized. Krinjabo has provided a remarkable collection of funeral portraits which are artistically impressive and acute. Some of the images have been identified as portraits of kings who ruled in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The subject of the Saos is an even greater enigma. Between 1936 and 1939 the Lebeuf and Griaule expeditions (Sahara-Cameroons and Niger-Lake Iro) proved the existence of this mysterious people who once inhabited the Chad plain. Though in the past they were regarded as legendary there is now no doubt at all that the giant Saos actually lived. M. Lebeuf's investigat also enabled him to conclude that the term "Sao" is applicable to a number of different elements who had either been

Deified ancestor from the Chad

long established or had come from abroad, but that no acceptable explanation of its etymology could as yet be advanced. According to the myths of the Chad, the Saos were almost superhuman and certainly exceeded all r mal proportions. "The Saos were tall that they used whole palm trees for their bows, and their cups, which were as big as funeral jars, could hold two men sitting. They fished without nets by damming rivers with their hands. They took hold of hippopotami and ate them like chickens. Shouting from one city to another, they proclaimed their turn to fish and their voices carried like thunder to the Chad, frightening birds out of the trees. Their fingernails were so thick that they have withstood decay and it is boasted that they can still be unearthed from their mounds. In their hair there were the nests of birds of prey. In those days, gold was not static as it is today; it was alive, it issued forth from the ground and flew into the air. The Saos caught it by running. One piece placed in a house would keep it bathed in light."

WHERE, it may be asked, did they come from? Were they really a white-skinned people from the north as legend would have us believe? According to Arab authors, they came from Kheiber, north of Mecca. Remaining within the bounds of exact science, we can say with M. Lebeuf that Saos are kn to have lived at Bilma five hundred kilometers north of Lake Chad during the ninth century, at the close of which they were slaughtered by Arabs. From the tenth century there were Saos liv-

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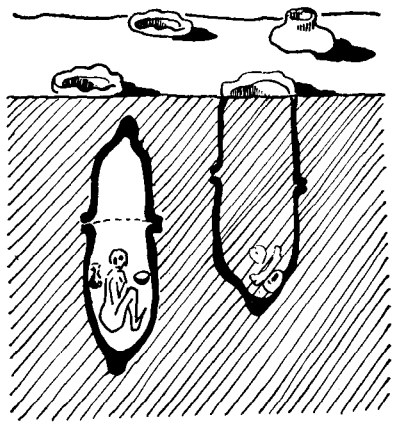
ing south of the Lake between Komadougou Yoobe and Chari. These may have come from the Nile or alternatively were natives of the southern part of t' Chad Plain.

ne most important Sao sites (usually inhabited today by the Kotokos who actually built their cities over them) are burial grounds. A very large number



Sao burial eggs

of egg-shaped jars has been found there, and in these the bodies were placed. Here again—and quite unexpectedly—we meet the egg theme which recurred in all the myths and rites so closely connected with resurrection. As well as these strange coffins, some b ze jewelry, small animal figurines erra cotta and, most important of all, a wealth of terra-cotta statuettes of the dead, were found at Mahaya, Midigue, Goulfeil and Fort Lamy. The shapes of these statuettes are usually so fantastic that they seem like unnatural, hybrid creatures, wholly divested of any human quality.

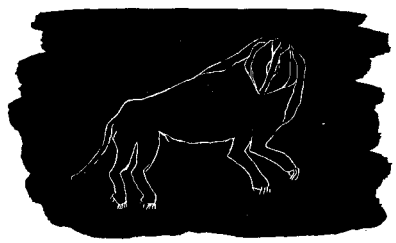
This strange yet splendid sculpture can be placed between the tenth century and the sixteenth, when the disappearance of the Saos from this region coincides with the establishment of Islam. The Moslems are responsible for the damage done to statues, which show signs of having been struck, unless they were ritually destroyed, which was often the fate of funeral furnishings; the object of this custom was to dedicate them completely to the dead, either by making them useless to the living—who in this way would not be tempted to steal them—or by reducing them to the same condition as the dead who had also been "destroyed."

Hundreds of mounds are scattered over the Chad Plain marking the ancient dwelling places of the Saos. The last inhabitants of these cities were driven out by the Moslem conquest in t ixteenth century and for the most pa slaughtered or taken as slaves.

We said earlier that petroglyph art (using this heading to cover paintings, carvings or sculpture on rocks) was the work of a very ancient level of civilization which was scattered over every continent. But in Africa, which seems to have been their chosen country, petroglyphs are more abundant and more distinctive than anywhere else. This does not alter the fact that the number we have today is insignificant compared with the multitudes which must once have existed. For the thousands that remain, it is impossible to say how many more have been destroyed in the course of time by the crumbling of the rock and the wearing effect of wind and rain.

The immediate appearance of this work is striking and the impression it produces is very different from the one to be experienced in the caves of Les Eyzies or Altamira. The astonishing rock paintings and carvings of Africa are not hidden in the magical gloom of a cavern at the end of a narrow underground passage. They are exposed on the surface of rocks and in the hillsides; and we are confronted by a fantastic den of beasts as our eyes grow sufficiently accustomed to distinguish their tangled shapes—all the more confused because they were carved or painted at widely different times and often superimposed on one another.

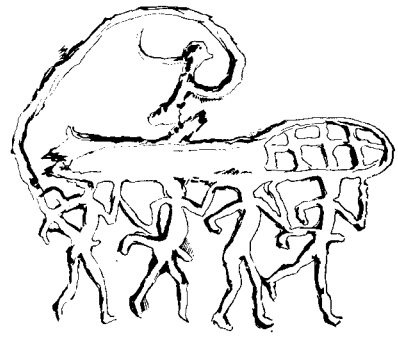
WHEN Leo Frobenius was exploring the holy place of Jachou in the Saharan Atlas, his native guides pointed out what they called "talking stones"; they said that the expedition was now only a short distance from a massif where weird animals emerged from the rock at sunrise. Frobenius thought they meant wild beasts living in caves or crags but the guides were really referring to carved and painted animals. He made his way towards the place they indicated, and was astonished to find that with the first rays of the sun, the shapes of animals—lions, giraffes, elephants and buffaloes—became outlined in the rock. The great lion of Jachou, which is one of the most striking specimens of African prehistoric art, did not appear in profile like the other creatures, but showing full face; it was thus



The lion of Jachou

the first in a long series of portraits, possibly intended for religious or magical purposes, which extended well into historic times: that of the animal profile with the head turned to look back at the viewer.

These rock engravings bore witness to the presence in Africa in very remote times of peoples with an artistic sensitivity and technique which could produce work to equal the most splendid achievements in the caves of France and Spain. In their evocation of the fantastic these African artists deserve credit for a creative power which is possibly even greater than that of the Franco-Cantabrian artists. The masked magicians cutting up rhinoceros



Tel Issaghen men carrying the sky

at In Habeter, the curious human portraits at Tel Issaghen must be included among the prehistoric masterpieces.

The petroglyphs of Africa can today be divided into three large groups: the group of the north-west, which includes discoveries made in Morocco, Oran, the Atlas Mountains, Fezzan and especially Hoggar, which is an inexhaustible museum of rock art; the southern group which is also immensely rich; and the Nile Valley where images have been found which now tell us something of the race and origins of the first inhabitants of Egypt.

The particular fascination of the north-western group is that it preserves rock carvings of animals which lived in the Sahara at a time when it was still watered. Elephants bathing in its great rivers, rhinoceros roaming its grassy plains, crocodile and hippopotami wallowing in its swamps all tell the amazing story of a period when drought had not yet converted bush and jungle into a desert from which almost all vegetable and animal life was banished. The men who inhabited the Sahara at this time, which is at least twelve thousand years ago, were hunters, and their art shows the same magical and religious features as the art of the Franco-Cantabrians. It is impossible to be precise in dating these petroglyphs, but from their geographical location, of course, we know that they preceded the period when the land dried; animals migrated to watered regions and men followed them, leaving the territories which were no longer habitable.

—MARCEL BRION

in "The World of Archaeology, Vol. II"
(Macmillan, $7.50)

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXIX

THE RELUCTANT THUNDERER: DR. PHILIP HAUGE ABELSON

A Stormy Critic, Becoming Editor of Science, Sheaths His Lightning

WASHINGTON, D.C.

WHEN editors are criticized, it is usually for excessive devotion to their own opinions. Doctor Philip Hauge Abelson, the new editor of Science—weekly journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science—has more opinions than most men and expresses them all with cocksure frankness if not always with tact. But neither his friends nor professional associates can stay resentful of his ebullience for very long because, they agree, "Phil says what he means and absolutely means what he says." What scientist Abelson has been censured for since he became *Science* editor Abelson on the first day of August 1962 is not his argument but his ubiquity. Where other men are jibed at for doing too little, Dr. Abelson's critics chide him for refusing to stop "doing too much."

This 49-year-old physical chemist, co-discoverer of the element neptunium and co-inventor of the uranium isotope separation process that made the atom bomb possible, is director of research at the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. He is also an active member of the Atomic Energy Commission's advisory committee on peaceful uses of the atom, a member of the major working committee of the AEC, a consultant to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, a member of the government operations committee of the National Academy of Sciences, a counselor on the visiting board of the National Institute of Arthritis and Metabolic Diseases, co-editor of the Journal of Geophysical Research, holder of various responsibilities in more than a dozen other national and international scientific organizations, and, in addition, has several commitments to lecture at universities and research centers in this country and abroad.

His decision against withdrawing from a single one of these activities and obligations when he took over the editor's chair at *Science* from Dr. Graham DuShane (who resigned to accept the chancellorship of Vanderbilt University) has disturbed many people, including some on the staff of *Science*. Previous editors of this publication, written by scientists for scientists, devoted all their time to the job. Former editors also were aided by a full-time assistant editor, whereas Dr. Abelson has no assistant and no immediate plans for hiring one.

"I have observed," he told me with characteristic tang, "that most of those who think I am attempting to do too much and will fail in the attempt have only one job and don't do that very well.

"I will give as much time to *Science* as necessary to improve and expand the journal significantly, and I am certain I can do so without sitting at my desk there all the time."

THE American scientific elite speaks and acts through the National Academy of Sciences, but to the ordinary scientist *Science* is the voice of the American scientific community. Consequently, the journal is regular reading for science writers and editors, and is jealously watched by the 80,000 members of AAAS who receive weekly copies on Fridays. Since no research discipline lacks representation in AAAS, *Science* might be expected to report developments in all disciplines in simple English to keep everyone acquainted with the major advances in fields other than his own. A keen sense of timeliness in choice of subject matter also might be assumed. But neither of these conditions presently prevails in the pages of *Science*, and Dr. Abelson believes his unconventional work method may help bring both about. Through his multitude of connections across the vast spectrum of science, he hopes to scent discoveries before they reach publishable form and to persuade the discoverers that they can make their findings known through *Science* faster than through other respected journals.

As a mark of his intent, Dr. Abelson has begun slashing time from the period between submission of a manuscript to *Science* and appearance of that paper in black on white. What once was a one- to three-month lag came down precipitously to nine days for one article published in *Science*'s issue of 21 September 1962. The average delay between a report's arrival in his editorial office and that paper's acceptance or rejection has been halved. To make the time thus gained more meaningful, Dr. Abelson has doubled the number of reports printed in a given issue—a space luxury *Science* enjoys in its own unique fashion because its advertising content long has overbalanced its editorial text.

THESE reforms have been accomplished in spite of the new editor's visitation of his office only a fourth as much of the working week as his predecessor. There is really no mystery in this apparent paradox. He is merely exercising his mind more arduously than his editorial pencil. By exercising his mind, he is provoking other people to exercise their pencils.

Shortly after he took his new job, Dr. Abelson chose "bird dogs" in the top schools and research centers of the country to help him flush out new ideas. He is especially determined to use such people to explore research frontiers opened in pioneering symposia. Many such exchanges of advanced thought take place in a confidential atmosphere, some in secrecy imposed by the military. While recognizing that secrecy is at times inescapable, Dr. Abelson's plans call for utmost encouragement of publication of as much as can possibly be revealed. Scientific observation of the effects of the space-bomb explosion over Johnston Island in the Pacific last July are an example of the touchy areas he expects to invade.

One of the stipulations Dr. Abel attached to his acceptance of the editorship of *Science* was that he would not be required to write a weekly opinion for the editorial page. Since then, he has retreated from that ex-

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treme position. He will write occasional editorials, but he has tapped thirty outstandingly creative people outside the staff of *Science* (of whom, to date, eight might have accepted the summons) to make his editorial showcase an intellectual excitement.

LET those who have come to enjoy the spicy quality of Abelson opinions be reassured. He is going to continue expressing himself on all questions that interest him at every opportunity outside *Science*. He is going to continue protesting, for instance, that manned exploration of the moon has only one justification: to satisfy man's spirit of adventure; that the billions of dollars now being spent on the moon race will not advance scientific knowledge as rapidly as knowledge might be advanced without sending a man to the moon.

"I believe it is realistic to say that the manned lunar program will be carried to successful conclusion in spite of the wasted time and cost; but let's be clear," he insists. "This isn't science. It's adventure and propaganda."

It is "pure nonsense" to expect economic returns commensurate with the tremendous national investment in the moon race, he says; and it is "lunacy" to claim any military advantage from placing a man on the moon.

Because of such opinions, many in and out of science "get mad" at Dr. Abelson. This is why he does not intend to monopolize *Science*'s editorial page for his own views. "I don't mind people getting mad at Phil Abelson," he explains, "but I don't want them to get mad at *Science* or science."

As he sees it, science already has enough problems without deliberately inviting more. For one thing, he believes science has become a cult. Heavy financial support from the Federal government for scientific research has attracted to the scientific world many men and women with no adequate motivation or intellectual capability to contribute anything important to science. Mediocre research has diluted the scientific literature and made valuable work more difficult to recognize.

The scientific community, he is persuaded, should be concentrating on a quest for higher standards of integrity rather than for higher status and higher income. "At one time, the standards of scientists were superior to the standards of the general population," he reminisces. "Today, they are not perceptibly different."

Has he particular documentation to offer here? Yes: his experience on grant-giving boards advisory to government departments and agencies. In their deliberations, he has learned how common it is today for scientists to ask

—*Carnegie Institution.*

Dr. Philip Hauge Abelson

for money for research which they have no intention of performing. The deception is practiced in order to obtain money for purposes the granting boards would be less likely to approve. The furtive research may and often does turn out to be valuable. It is the deception that worries Dr. Abelson. Those who practice it excuse themselves on the ground that the end justifies the means. But Dr. Abelson asks: "Does it ever?"

Although science is increasingly important in national and international affairs, Dr. Abelson sees little evidence that scientists can contribute much to the art of politics. "On the contrary," he observes, "scientists too often use their superior specialized knowledge to reinforce their prejudices. Unfortunately, many, perhaps most, scientists abandon the principles of logic upon which science and their own training have been built when they consider political questions."

Nor is he convinced that any great hope of world peace lies in joint cooperative scientific effort among nations. As he puts it: "A necessary search for survival, not for scientific truths, will bind men together."

DESPITE his pessimism about the human individual's ability to get along with other individuals, Dr. Abelson bases his own plans for the future on getting along with other men in a world which, "despite all present ominous indications, will go on relatively undisturbed." Indeed, it was Phil Abelson's confidence in what other men could and would be willing to teach him that finally made up his mind to accept the editorship of *Science*. Apart from his many responsibilities in other directions, he had been amply occupied at the Carnegie Institution, where he had functioned as a staff member since 1939. In more recent years, he had supervised the work of the Geophysical Laboratory while pursuing his own personal explorations into microbiology and the organic content of sedimentary rocks and fossils. The decision to take on *Science* he describes as "a selfish one. I wanted to advance my education. The contacts *Science* will afford may develop ideas to change the avenues of research I am now following."

This method of working his way through school is one he used before. He had to do surveying to pay his tuition at the State College of Washington (now Washington State University), where he established the foundation of his later career. From his native state (he had been born in Tacoma) he moved on to Berkeley, California, and there obtained his Ph.D. at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory. On the Berkeley campus, he found a special attraction in Miss Neva Martin, who is now Mrs. Abelson and practices medicine in a comfortable old house in Philadelphia.

THE male Dr. Abelson commutes between Washington, D.C. and Philadelphia each week end to spend Saturdays and Sundays with the female Dr. Abelson and their fifteen-year-old daughter, Ellen, who enjoys writing more than her father does. A brunette of considerable quiet charm, Dr. Neva fills in Dr. Phil on biology and medicine in exchange for Dr. Phil's latest news about chemistry and physics. The family listens to recorded music together, plays bridge together, hikes through the countryside together, and shares an occasional game of volleyball. Dr. Phil's foremost hobby continues to be science; Dr. Neva's is the act of cajoling her husband into periodic physical check-ups to assure herself that he really isn't trying to do too much.

—LILLIAN LEVY.

Mrs. Lillian Levy writes regularly for Science Service and occasionally for other media interested in science.

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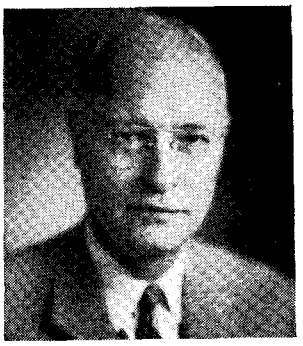

—RCA

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Toward the stars, whether we will or no. So it is wise for us to learn all we may about conditions of the roads that are open to travel. For example, what sort of weather can we expect? Are the rough seasons predictable?

That the sun is beset with hurricanes of burning gas we already know. We know, too, that electrical particles poured out by these whirling tempests envelop earth and pass well beyond, perhaps to giant Jupiter or even farther. But we know virtually nothing about the origin of solar storms, except that they are somehow associated with magnetism.

Could planet earth and her sisters of the solar system affect the generation of these mighty turbulences millions of miles distant? The question first arose in the scientific literature more than half a century back. It has been discussed

By JOHN H. NELSON

(RCA Communications, Inc.)

WE INHABITANTS of planet earth owe our lives and daily fortunes to the star we call the sun. Its light warms and feeds us across 93,000,000 miles of space, so intense is its ceaseless burning. The pull of its spinning immensity holds, in regular circlings around it, nine planets and the fragments of a shattered tenth, each successive one roughly twice as far away as the last. The planets affect each other's motion through gravitational attraction, but if they in any way influence the sun, the mechanism is not known.

Before it would be possible to judge how such planetary influences might be worked upon the sun, we would first need to determine that the sun is being influenced at all. This is a difficult task because the sun, being gaseous, does not behave according to the same rules as, for example, the solid earth. Our planet revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours. Having its greatest circumference at the equator, earth moves faster there than at the poles in order to complete a turn in the same period of time as the polar regions. But the sun moves in a different fashion. Points near its equator rotate once in twenty-five days while points sixty degrees above the solar equator take thirty-five days to make the same revolution.

One of the few clear signs we have of happenings on the sun are the so-called sunspots, which we now know to be natural magnets surrounded by hurricanes of fire. Existence of sunspots was first noted in writing by the ancient Chinese. Galileo, the great Italian who was first to study the sky through a telescope, examined the spots and recognized that they belong to the solar sphere and move with it from east to west, appearing suddenly and changing just as quickly, sometimes breaking up and multiplying, sometimes lasting only a short time, sometimes continuing for many days. Nothing significantly new was discovered about the spots for 200 years after that. Then, in 1843, astronomer Samuel Heinrich Schwabe published the results of twenty years of observation, during which time he established that the number of sunspots rose and fell in cycling patterns ranging in length from nine to seventeen years. How sunspots originated remained a mystery.

The first suggestion that there might be a relationship between the appearance of the spots and the movements of the planets came from a Frenchwoman, Mrs. A. S. D. Maunder. In 1907 she published, in *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society,* a paper entitled "An Apparent Influence of the Earth on the Numbers and Areas of Sunspots in the Cycle 1889-1901." Her conclusion: During those years, more spots came into view around the eastern edge of the sun than passed out of view around the western edge; in other words, more spots died out on the hemisphere of the sun visible to earth than were born on that hemisphere. Mrs. Maunder reasoned from this data that the earth must exert an inhibiting influence upon formation of sunspots on its own half of the sun, or exert an encouraging influence upon formation of sunspots on the opposite half of the sun, or perhaps both. Her inferences were concurred in by another astronomer, A. Schuster, in 1910-11; he found a similar relationship between the appearance of sunspots and the movements of planets other than earth, especially the orbiting of Venus.

Although I have been an amateur astronomer since schoolboy days, I was ignorant of the work of Mrs. Maunder and her successors at the time I began to study sunspots for the Radio Corporation of America in 1946. My assignment from RCA Communications, Inc., was to develop a method of forecasting magnetic storms which have the power to disturb earth's ionosphere and thus to interfere with broadcasting of radio messages over long distances. By predicting these storms, it would be possible to prepare for them and thus to avoid interruptions in the heavy commercial traffic that depends on RCA facilities around the globe and around the clock.

Here, perhaps, I should pause to correct a widespread misunderstanding about the effect of sunspots on radio communication. Since all radio waves travel in straight lines, they cannot follow the curvature of the earth more than a few hundreds of miles. In order to convey messages over distances beyond that limit, it is necessary to send waves up into the sky and bounce them down again far off. The heavenly barrier against which they bounce is the ionosphere, a thick spherical shell of electrons created around the earth by the sun. During daylight hours the density of the shell is increased; at night, the density falls off. Sunspots, in effect, give off more daylight by their ultraviolet radiation. So when sunspots are numerous, the chance of obtaining dependable radio signals is high. When there are many sunspots, a few more or a few less make relatively little difference. It is when the sunspots are few that sudden appearance of a new spot or intensification of an existing spot is most likely to cause trouble.

THE first step in forecasting disturbance of radio signals is to know the normal condition of the ionosphere for a given place on earth, season of year, and time of day. The U.S. Bureau of Standards provides this information by making daily soundings: that is, by broadcasting signals upward at many different points, at varying wavelengths. By measuring the wavelength of the signal returned to earth, the density of the ionosphere at different altitudes is fixed. These densities are then marked on maps of the globe,

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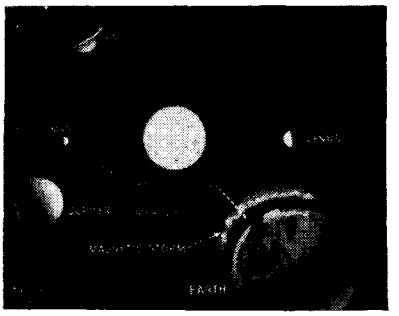
since then, always in very tentative tones. Astronomers as a group have never been quite willing to take it seriously because of the immense disparity in size between even the largest planets and the sun.

Below is a research report written by a man who does not claim that the planets cause sunstorms but who does insist that there is a clear and continuing relationship in time between the appearance of solar weather centers, or sunspots, and the positions of the planets vis-a-vis the sun. This man is no vagary-spouting theoretician but a practicing forecaster of effective trans-Atlantic radio-frequencies—which is to say a diagnostician of the varying conditions of earth's ionosphere, a child of solar weather—for the Radio Corporation of America. His name is John H. Nelson, and he keeps a telescope in the front yard of his home at Garden City, L. I.



—RCA

much as the Weather Bureau circumscribes high and low pressure areas in curving lines of weather charts.

My job for RCA is to take these charts of the ionosphere and apply them to perhaps as many as eighty different great circle routes from New York to points in Europe, South America and the Near East. I must find the spot in the ionosphere 1,200 miles east of New York toward which signals can be beamed with surety that the signals will bounce back down to the ocean and up again to strike a spot in the ionosphere 1,200 miles west of Europe, whence another bounce sends them down again to the proper RCA receiving station. Because the Atlantic is five hours wide, in terms of sun time. the reflecting strength of the ionosphere will vary from one shore to the other with the time of day. As the earth turns away from the sun, the ionosphere weakens. Consequently, a new forecast of its reflecting ability must be made and the signal wavelength adjusted to fit new conditions at two-hour intervals. Obviously, any extraneous influence imposed upon this already complex system could wreak havoc if not anticipated.

AT the outset of my search for more adequate protection against surprise fading of signals, RCA built for me a small observatory on the roof of the tall building at 66 Broad Street in the neighborhood of the Wall Street stock exchange. Housed there on the rooftop was a telescope with a six-inch lens that enabled me to watch the face of the sun and to note the appearance of and changes in sunspots as they moved across the sun's revolving disk. After about a year of experimentation, a method of forecasting favorable radio broadcasting conditions from the age, position, type and activity of sunspots was worked out. The system proved satisfactory for general use, but the predictions failed from time to time, and it seemed apparent that the sunspots alone could not be a totally reliable index. Therefore, I turned to thorough analysis of the scientific literature on the origin of sunspots.

Following the discoveries of Mrs. Maunder and Mr. Schuster, I found extensive exploration of the subject by Ellsworth Huntington, Fernando Sanford and Henry Helm Clayton. Taking off from the ground they had cleared, I extracted from the *American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac* (published by the U.S. Naval Observatory in Washington, D.C.) the positions of the sun and earth in relation to the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn during the years 1942, 1944, 1947, 1948 and 1949. I noted the occasions on which any two of these planets were at 0, 90, 180 or 270 degrees distant from any other. Then I obtained the log books of RCA radio operators at Riverhead, Long Island, and from them extracted the times of magnetic disturbances that had affected broadcasting during the given years. In the case of every disturbance I discovered that the troubling influence had begun to assert itself four days before one or other of the planetary configurations just described, and that the disturbance declined for four days after the planetary configuration. My earliest deductions from this experiment were published in March 1951, as follows:

(1) That the most disturbed twelve-month periods will be those preceding and following configurations of 0, 90, 180 and 270 degrees between Saturn and Jupiter.

(2) That the most disturbed parts of the above twelve-month periods will be those when Mars is close to 0, 90, 180 or 270 degree configuration with either Saturn or Jupiter.

(3) That the most disturbed phases of the above parts of twelve-month periods will be when Venus or Mercury or earth has a configuration of 0, 90, 180 or 270 degrees with either Saturn, Jupiter or Mars.

(4) That the most severe magnetic disturbances of all will come when Saturn and Jupiter are 0, 90, 180 or 270 degrees apart and when Mars, Venus, Mercury and earth are grouped near any of those four points.

(5) That the least disturbed periods will be those preceding and following times when Saturn and Jupiter are separated by 120 degrees.

(6) That the least disturbed periods of all will be when Saturn, Jupiter and Mars are equally spaced 120 degrees apart.

THE year in which these preliminary conclusions became public—1951—turned out to be an ideal laboratory for testing my suspicion that Saturn and Jupiter, largest planets in the solar system, were most important to my calculations. Due to their great size and slow motion, they conceivably could exercise an influence on the sun for prolonged periods of time and so establish an over-all set of disturbed or quiet magnetic conditions. When they were spaced near any multiple of 90 degrees, magnetic storms should be severe.

During 1951, Jupiter and Saturn were nearly 180 degrees apart, and Uranus was almost exactly midway between—90 degrees from each. Throughout those twelve months the fluctuations of the ionosphere were prolonged and severe, so severe that the faster moving planets—earth, Mars, Venus and Mercury—were able to intensify the disturbances as they moved in and out of 0, 90, 180 and 270 degree configurations with each of the dominant slower planets.

In a report to the American Institute of Electrical Engineers in 1952, I was able to compare the magnetic violence of 1951 with the quiescent condition that prevailed in

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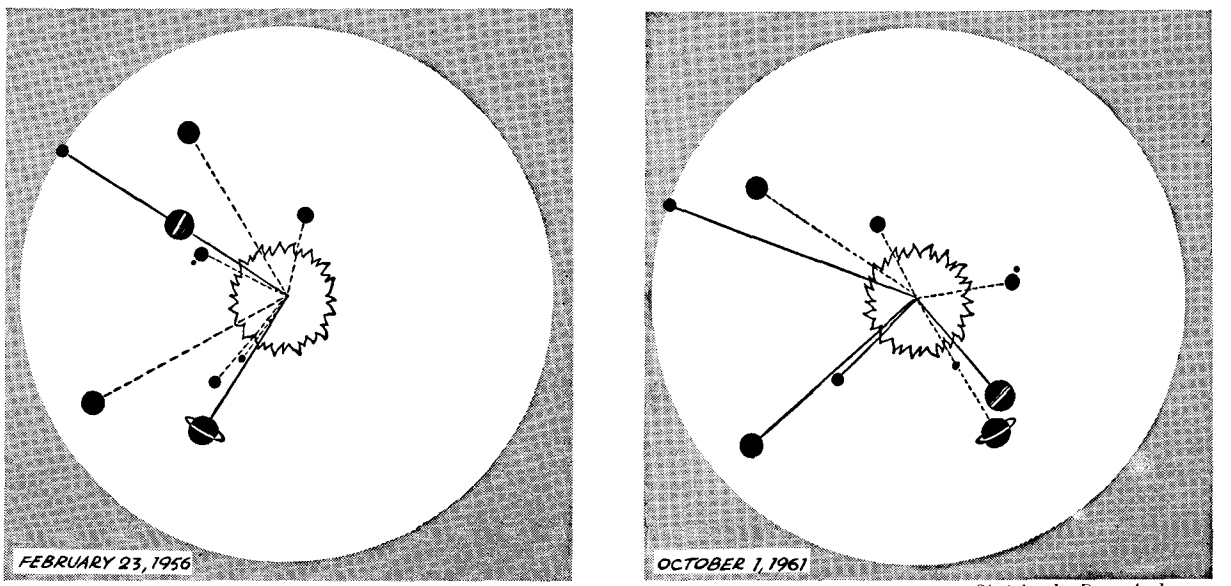
1948, when Jupiter and Saturn were 120 degrees apart. Although the number of sunspots in 1948 had been at maximum, the ionosphere carried radio signals more dependably than in 1951, when the sunspot number was near minimum. Apparently the relative positions of Jupiter and Saturn had more to do with the behavior of earth's ionosphere than did the sunspots.

J. H. Clark, of Press Wireless, Inc., adopted my method and extended it to include Uranus, Neptune and Pluto. Pluto's role has especially interested me ever since I looked into the heaviest cosmic ray shower in history. This event occurred on 2 February 1956, five days after Jupiter had moved into a 90 degree relationship with Saturn and three days before Pluto had come into a 0 configuration with Jupiter. Earth was grouped close to Pluto in its lineup with Jupiter, and Mercury and Mars were not far out of line with Saturn. The ionosphere was not disturbed enough to affect radio signals until 25 February, when Mercury made a 0 degree contact with Saturn and a 90 degree contact with Jupiter and Pluto.

Although he does not accept the notion that the movements of the planets actually do affect the behavior of the sun, Dr. Harlan True Stetson, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has explained in his book, "Sunspots in Action" (Ronald Press), how it might happen. He proposes that gravitational drag exerted by the planets might coincide with internal cycles of oscillation of solar gas to generate "high tides" of outgoing radiation. Whether his postulation is correct, or whether the planetary configurations may operate through electrical or magnetic couplings, I am not prepared to suggest.

It is now clear that the 360 degrees of the circle of the planetary orbits about the sun can be broken down into a set of harmonics by dividing 360, 180, and 90 degrees by two, three, four, five and six. Separations as small as 18 or even 15 degrees between two planets can be meaningful. Under some conditions, half of 18 or 15 degrees can also assume importance. Usually, the harmonics themselves are of no importance unless they occur in almost simultaneous series—and then only with two fast planets.



—Sketches by Doug Anderson

EXAGGERATED DIAGRAMS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM above illustrate relationships Mr. John Nelson has found to exist between positions of the planets and appearance of magnetic storms, called sunspots, on the sun.

The heaviest shower of cosmic rays in history occurred on 23 February 1956, and on 1 October 1961 earth's ionosphere was so violently disturbed that radio messages were blacked out and vivid aurorae lit the sky.

Relative size and distance can only be suggested in these sketches. However, planets are placed in their proper order, reading outward from the sun: Mercury, Venus, earth (accompanied by its moon), Mars, Jupiter (banded), Saturn (ringed), Uranus, Neptune and Pluto. On this scale, Jupiter (87,000 mile diameter) and Saturn (72,000 miles) rank roughly together, Neptune (33,000 miles) and Uranus (31,000 miles), earth (7,918 miles) and Venus (7,600 miles); Mars (4,200 miles) is thought to be comparable to Pluto (4,000 miles?) although not much is known about Pluto; Mercury (3,000 miles) is smallest.

On the diagram of planetary positions for 23 February 1956, the two slow moving giants, Saturn (it orbits the sun once in 29.46 years) and Jupiter (11.86 year orbit), are seen to be 90 degrees apart. Little Pluto (248 year orbit) is exactly in line with Jupiter, and earth (365.26 day orbit) is almost in line with those two. Mercury (87.97 day orbit) and Mars (686.98 day orbit) are grouped close to alignment with Saturn, and Venus (224.7 day orbit) is almost opposite Saturn. Uranus (84.02 year orbit) and Naptune (164.79 year orbit) are separated by 90 degrees.

In the configuration for 1 October 1961, Jupiter and Neptune are 90 degrees apart, with Saturn and Mercury in line close to Jupiter and with Venus almost directly opposite them. Uranus and Neptune are again separated by 90 degrees.

The cover of this issue of SR reproduces a third planetary arrangement that coincided with remarkable sunstorm activity. The date was 29 August 1959. Jupiter (marked on the cover with its famous "red spot") was 90 degrees away from earth on one side and equally distant from Pluto on the other. Venus was very close to earth opposite Pluto, Mercury was directly opposite Jupiter. Mars and Saturn were 90 degrees apart.

Does this mean that the planets affect weather on the sun? Mr. Nelson isn't sure. But he told a 1961 NATO ionospheric research conference in Naples that he is able to predict magnetic disturbances—and thereby to choose radio frequencies likely to escape interruption—with progressively greater accuracy as he studies the system. He forecast the great sunstorm of 12 November 1960 (which quite probably would have trapped America's first cosmonaut if this country's lunar exploration had been on schedule) more than a year in advance. One of Mr. Nelson's more recent predictions called for a sunstorm to begin on 31 August 1962, when Jupiter and earth were in line on one side of the sun, directly opposite Pluto on the other side of the sun. Saturn and Neptune were separated by 90 degrees. Uranus and Mars were 90 degrees apart. The storm struck at 0 hours 31 August 1962.

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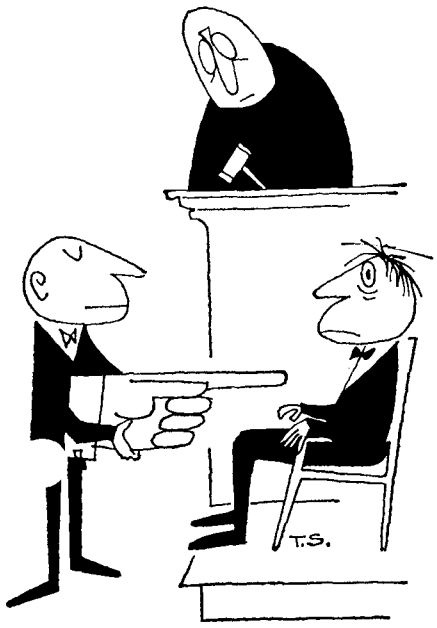
Music to My Ears

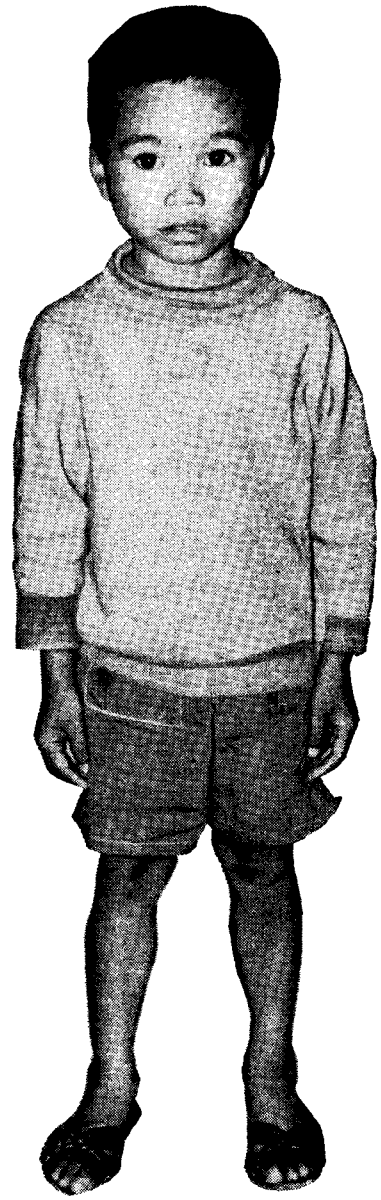
Continued from page 40

iev, Nikonov, and Lavrovsky—to exhibit their spectacular specialities in lunges and lifts, bounds and spins. It is all very good sport, with a rising sense of excitement each time Plisetskaya comes back in her form-fitting blue leotard to bend like a willow, soar like an arrow, or float like a swan in a proud confutation of all physical analogies. It is almost an anticlimax when a series of males perform lifts in which the female is not merely raised head high but thrown in the air and caught on the way down.

On alternate evenings, in another program, Plisetskaya has been still another kind of swan, in the famous act to the music of Saint-Saëns. An extraordinary demonstration of rippling, toe-tipping movement, it lingers in the mind less for the poignant death tremors of the swan (as in Ulanova's version of a few years back) than for the immaculate grace and unearthly poise of its living. The telling emphasis in this conception was on Plisetskaya's arm action, a miracle of co-ordinated control. A beautiful realization of an incomparable conception, it was marred only by ill-considered repetitions (on one ' sion, an encore of an encore). Such a spectacle should leave the viewer with the awe-struck feeling that it could only happen once, rather than with the sense that it is being turned on again. Included in this sequence of programs was the fourth act of "Bayaderka," impressive for the choreographic conception of Marius Petipa, and a version of Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini" by Leonid Lavrovsky which was much short of the prior treatment by Michel Fokine.

—Irving Kolodin.





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Chu Kin Wah, Chinese in Hong Kong, age 7. One of six children. Parents refugees from communist China. Father vegetable hawker. Earns approximately $24.50 per month. Family lives in leaky shack on hillside. Measures 11′ x 12′. Only furniture 1 board bed, 1 small table, tin box for clothes and few stools. Children undernourished, sad. Parents cannot afford school fees. They look with despair on children whom they cannot support. Help to Kin Wah means help to entire family. Aid urgent.

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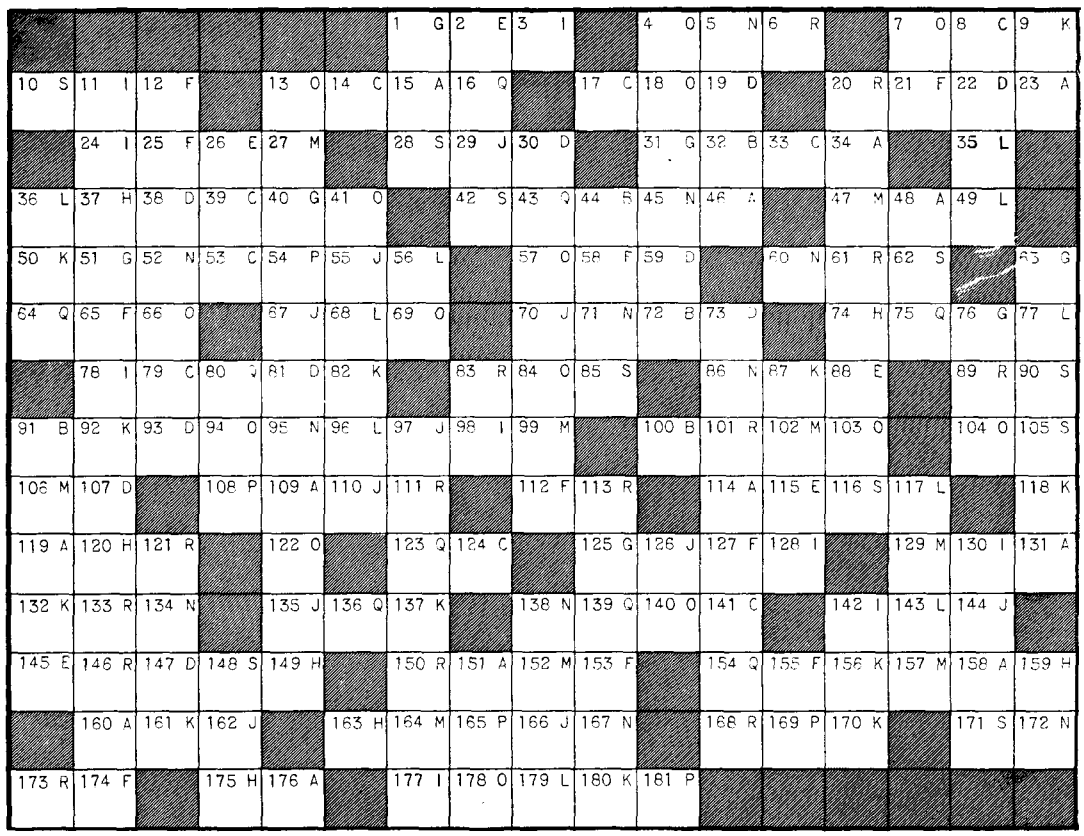
D. Lifelong love of Charles II, whose children he ennobled (2 wds.).	147 19 22 73 93 107 59 81 38 30
E. How Alfred Hitchcock signs those outline self-caricatures he draws.	115 2 145 26 88
F. Careened (2 wds.).	25 174 155 12 65 153 112 127 21 58
G. Town and peninsula across from Hong Kong.	63 40 31 125 1 76 51
H. Mild and gracious; benign.	120 74 163 37 175 149 159
I. Blunted.	177 128 78 130 24 11 142 98 3
J. Storm or gale from one part of the compass.	55 126 97 67 29 70 162 166 135 144 110
K. Later reflection.	50 156 9 137 180 170 87 132 92 82 161 118
L. *Political group organized* for private and personal advantage (2 wds.).	56 143 49 77 179 36 68 35 117 96
M. In logic, a proposition upon which is performed the operation of immediately inferring another.	157 129 102 106 152 47 164 27 99
N. Thick cotton fabric, a German ersatz for leather (2 wds.).	60 71 86 95 45 134 52 138 172 167 5
O. Nickname for the poet James Hogg (2 wds.).	103 4 41 84 122 57 104 140 18 69 66 94 178 7 13
P. One of Eileen Farrell's most remarkable operatic roles.	108 169 181 54 165
Q. Genus of spiny, succulent, cactuslike plants, often poisonous, used in medicine, as castor oil, caoutchouc, etc.	64 43 16 136 123 75 154 80 139
R. Husbands wouldn't *really* be happier if they could effect this exchange (4 wds.).	121 111 150 20 146 173 6 89 113 101 133 61 168 83
S. With a settled composure, an inherent quiet.	28 62 148 105 42 10 116 90 171 85

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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